

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1926.

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THE KING GOES GROUSE-SHOOTING ON "THE TWELFTH": HIS MAJESTY RIDING HIS FAVOURITE HIGHLAND PONY, "POLLY," WITH THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S PARTY ON THE BOLTON ABBEY MOORS.

The King, who is a first-rate shot, enjoyed good sport on "the Twelfth" over the Bolton Abbey moors in Yorkshire, as the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Bolton Hall. On the way to the moors, the party exchanged cars for ponies, and his Majesty mounted his favourite Highland mare, named Polly. The total bag for the day was 267 brace, as compared with the 205½ on

the first full day's shooting two years ago. The improvement was typical of the favourable conditions experienced generally on the opening day this season. The King arranged to leave Bolton Hall on August 18, and travel by road to Abbeystead, Lancaster, to stay with the Earl of Sefton. On another page we show Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles out with the guns in Westmorland.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE echoes of the explosion of Lady Astor, about the "horrible" modern girl of England and America, continue to rumble in the correspondence columns of the Press. I do not quite understand what the argument is really about; but that is common in the controversies of the correspondence column. Apparently Lady Astor wished to restore to the whole world that stately reticence, that refinement of formality, that almost frigid etiquette of silence and self-restraint which she has already infused into the debates of Parliament. But she cannot expect everyone to be quite so reserved and severe as herself. However, we need not go back to that particular incident, now a matter of ancient history. I merely mention it as a text for a still disputed matter in modern history.

It is still disputed very vigorously; but it is hardly disputed very intelligently. It largely consists of one old gentleman saying, "I remember girls in crinolines and poke-bonnets, and I think they were very nice." Then of another old gentleman saying, "I remember girls in crinolines and poke-bonnets, and I think a girl I have just seen in the street is much nicer"; and then the young person suddenly taking a hand in the fray and crying aloud, "What! if I am virtuous, shall it be nothing but crinolines and poke-bonnets? Horror of horrors! In that case I will be vicious; it is better than being out of the fashion." And that is about as far as any of them seem to get. Of course, it is because they do not go back far enough that they do not get any farther. They do not know by what test they are criticising these things, or what they are comparing them with, or why they are comparing them at all. All their interventions are the mere expressions of individual likes and dislikes—mainly of very natural likes and dislikes. There is no intrinsic and eternal significance about any fashion; none about a lost fashion; none whatever about the latest fashion. There is only one important truth about the fashion of this world, and that is that it passes away.

Now what I complain of in both controversialists in this controversy (I mean the controversy about the Modern Girl and the Victorian Woman) is that they are comparing these two types with each other, but not comparing them with anything worth talking about, as a type for comparison. The reason why the boasts of the younger generation have no effect on the more intelligent of the older generation is that the younger can only boast of being young. "You're getting old, Craven," says the young man in Bernard Shaw's play, "and you make a virtue of it, as usual." But it is every bit as logical for Craven or any old man to turn upon that young man and say, "It doesn't seem to occur to you that you are only making a virtue of being young." Well, the author of that great drama of glorification of the young recently celebrated his seventieth birthday, amid universal tokens of the respect due to the old. He probably knows by this time that there are two sides to the question; but, as I have said, the two sides are not often expressed quite as clearly or cleverly as he would have expressed them.

The reason, I say, why the mere vaunts of modern youth are unconvincing to the intelligent is that they are arguments of taste, which amount to arguments in a circle and almost to tautology. They consist in saying over and over again: "I am a twentieth-century person; I should not like to go back to nineteenth-century practices or proceedings"; which is simply saying: "The nineteenth century was the nineteenth century; but the twentieth century, on the other hand, is the twentieth." It does not even

touch the relative merits of the two things, because it does not provide any test that is outside both of them. On the other hand, the reason why the rebukes of the Victorians, and the venerable aunts and uncles of the young person, have little or no effect on that depraved character is simply that they also appeal only to their own time and not to any test of eternity.

I do not think there is a pin to choose between the old people and the young people in this exasperating and egotistical squabble. I think the old people are

do not think the latter right because it is something happening in the present, for the essential of it has often been much more fully understood in the past. I think the Victorian gentleman was silly to wear a top-hat, but sensible to take it off to a lady. But I do not talk as if a top-hat were the only sort of hat that had ever been taken off to a lady; and some of my Victorian contemporaries do talk as if there had never been any virtue except Victorian virtue.

In truth, it is only a person who is sufficiently outside the nineteenth century to criticise it who is likely to be also sufficiently outside the twentieth century to criticise that. Take, for the sake of argument, a convention like that of literary decorum. It may be questioned whether the politeness of Tennyson is really any more Christian than the frankness of Rabelais. But the frankness of Rabelais makes the frankness of Mr. Arlen or Mr. Coward look very thin. It is when we compare the younger pagans with the older pagans, and not merely with the Victorian agnostics, that we really have the power to judge them and perhaps to condemn them. We can have their heads cut off, not merely by order of Queen Victoria, but with Queen Anne and Queen Elizabeth concurring. In other words, we can judge them by the standard of Swift and of Shakespeare, and not only by the standard of the fashions and fictions of fifty years ago, whether it be the standard of Matthew Arnold or Martin Tupper.

What seems to me really wrong about the rising generation, or a certain section of it, is that in a sense it has been far too much in-

fluenced by the Victorian Age. It has believed too meekly and submissively that the nineteenth century traditions were normal traditions; and that nothing remains but to throw over all traditions. Youth has been only too credulous in believing that the Victorian house was the only possible home, so that (when that house was burnt down in the Great War) youth has reconciled itself to becoming homeless. Youth has obeyed all too abjectly the command to choose between Mrs. Grundy and the girl in the Green Hat, even if it chooses the Green Hat. It has been only too easily duped, in being told that there is nothing possible except Capitalism or Communism, even when, in choosing between those two very unpleasant things, it chooses Communism. In other words, it suffers exactly as the Victorian thing called Public Opinion always did suffer, from problems stated by politicians, and stated wrong.

The decisions may be the decisions of the young, but the cases are the cases of the old; they may be twentieth-century decisions, but they are still nineteenth-century problems. Under other labels and a different language, people are still being asked whether they are progressive or conservative, evolutionists or revolutionists, friends of the "red fool fury of the Seine" or friends of freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent. The problem of Religion and Science is still presented in the narrow Victorian version of a quarrel between Darwin and Moses. The question of Socialism is still argued in the terms of Herbert Spencer's dilemma of "Man Versus the State." Herbert Spencer had apparently never heard of the Family. In a thousand things of the kind, it seems to me only just to our young advocates of anarchy or anything or nothing to say that they have been very badly briefed by their Victorian fathers and grandfathers. A great many of them are talking a great deal of nonsense; but in many cases the twentieth century nonsense is founded on the nineteenth century sense. I apologise to them for all this. I take off my Victorian top-hat to them, before attacking them violently with my Victorian umbrella.



OUT WITH THE GUNS ON "THE TWELFTH": PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES (RIGHT) AS A GUEST OF LORD LONSDALE, WITH LADY MAR AND KELLIE AND LADY SHAFTESBURY, ON THE MOORS IN WESTMORLAND.

Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles spent the opening day of the grouse-shooting season with the Earl of Lonsdale's party, who shot over the Bretherdale and Shap Wells moors in Westmorland. The eight guns bagged 450 brace. The party also included the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, and the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury.—[Photograph by Topical.]

right in some things, as in demanding a greater dignity in manners; I think the young people are right in some things, as in assuming a greater equality of

AN IMPORTANT AMALGAMATION.

EVE

The Lady's Pictorial

has acquired that Old-Established and Popular Weekly Paper

THE GENTLEWOMAN AND MODERN LIFE.

Date of first Amalgamated Issue August 18th

On page 359 of this issue of "The Illustrated London News" will be found further details of the recent acquisition of "The Gentlewoman and Modern Life" by "EVE, the Lady's Pictorial." The strong combination thus formed by the retention of the best features of "The Gentlewoman" will further consolidate EVE's present position as a great weekly illustrated paper for women.

classes. But I do not think the former demand right because it belonged to my own generation, born in the nineteenth century, for, as a fact, it was much more characteristic of the eighteenth century. And I

GROUSE-SHOOTING BEGINS: "THE TWELFTH" ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE "TIMES."



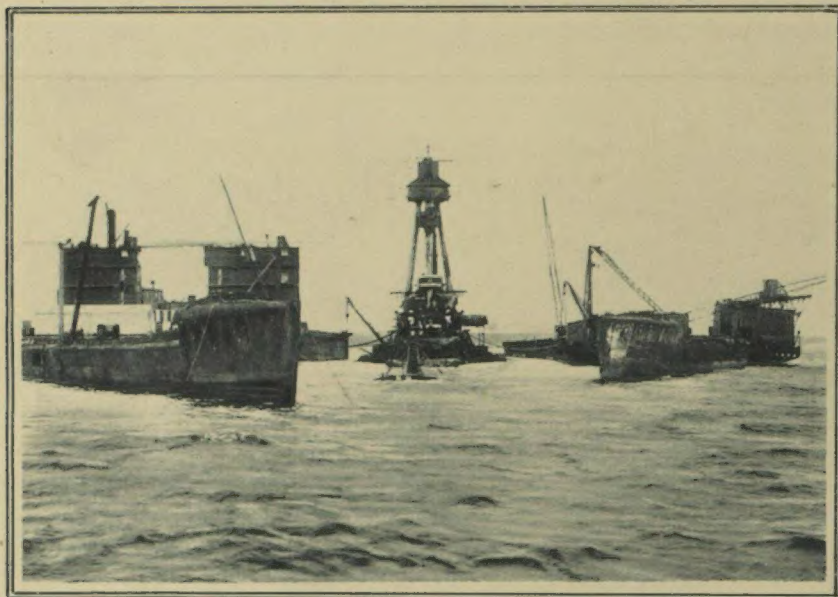
"THE TWELFTH" IN UPPER WHARFEDALE: A GROUSE-SHOOTING PARTY MAKING THEIR WAY ACROSS THE CONISTON MOOR TO THE BUTTS READY FOR THE SECOND DRIVE OF THE DAY.

At the opening of the grouse-shooting season, reports received from various moors indicated that the prophecies of a good season had given promise of fulfilment, the birds being generally plentiful and healthy. Our illustration shows a party on the Yorkshire moors in Upper Wharfedale, making their way across the Coniston Moor to the butts for the second drive of the day. The reports on the prospects

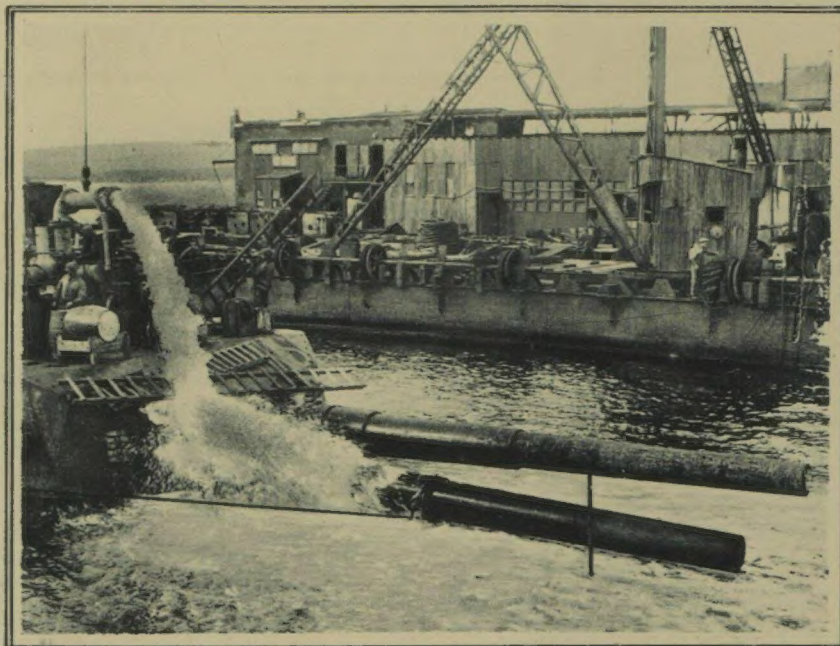
in this district had been very satisfactory, considering the damage done by grouse disease and storms in past seasons. The cause of the improvement was ascribed to the fact that last autumn was, nearly everywhere, a grand season for heather, the food supply which helped the grouse through the winter and enabled them to produce an exceptional number of eggs in the spring.

SALVAGE OPERATIONS: THE "HINDENBURG"; AND THE SUBMARINE DISASTER.

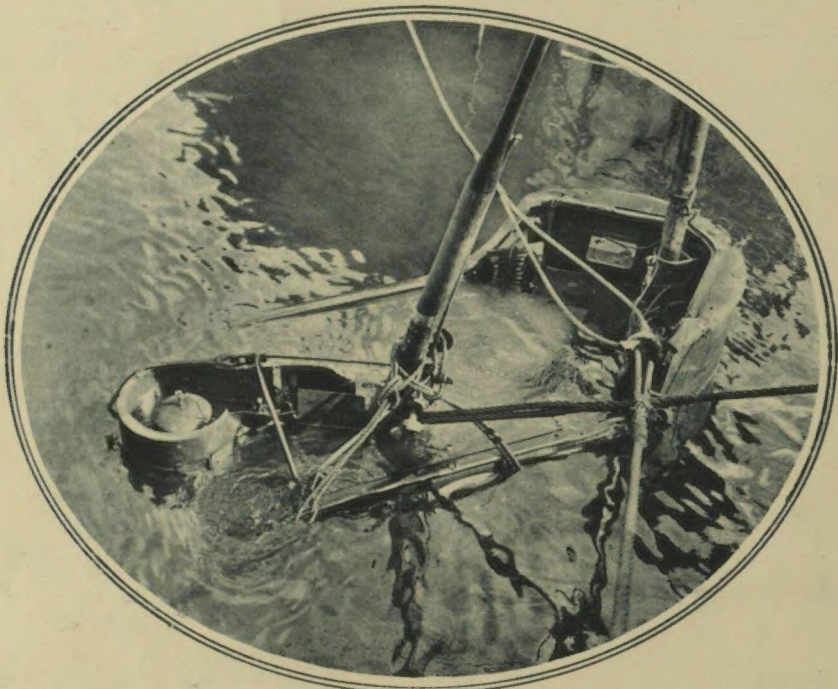
PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



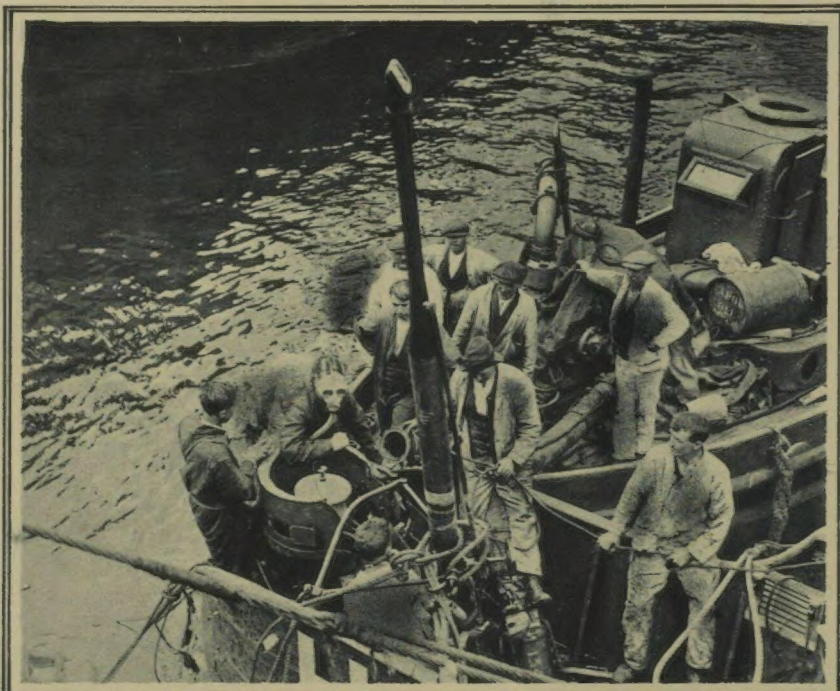
WITH TWO OF THE RAISED GERMAN DESTROYERS (IN FRONT) USED AS BREAK-WATERS: THE LIFTING OF THE SCUTTLED BATTLE-CRUISER "HINDENBURG," SHOWN BETWEEN FLOATING DOCKS AT SCAPA FLOW.



A TASK THAT HAS OCCUPIED 200 MEN (INCLUDING 20 DIVERS): LIFTING THE "HINDENBURG"—PUMPING OPERATIONS; AND A GUN-TURRET ABOVE WATER.



AFTER THE "H 29" HAD BEEN GOT ON AN EVEN KEEL WHERE SHE SANK IN DEVONPORT BASIN: THE TOP OF THE CONNING TOWER (THROUGH WHICH A SPECIAL PUMP WAS LOWERED) ABOVE WATER.

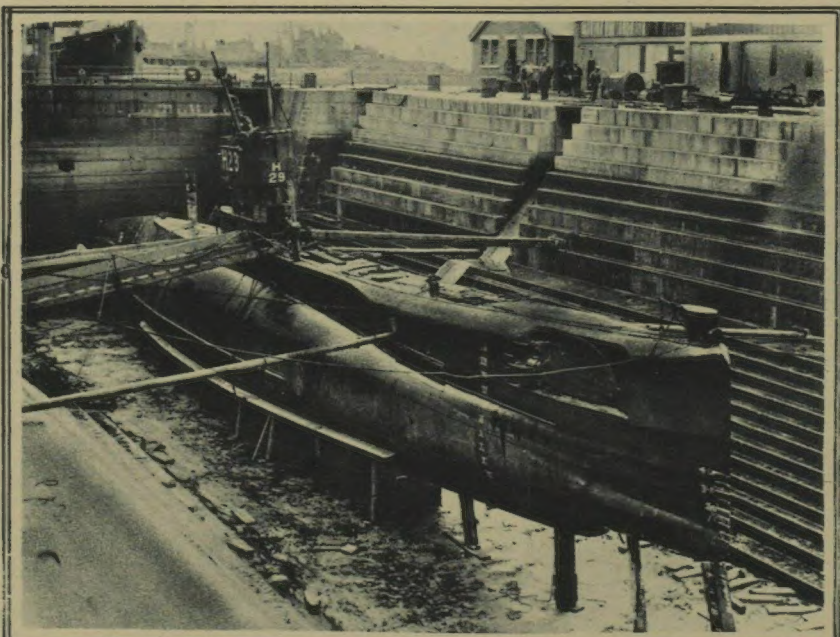


SHOWING A MAN IN A GAS-MASK, NECESSITATED BY FUMES FROM THE INTERIOR: SALVAGE WORK AT THE CONNING TOWER OF THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE "H 29."



GOING DOWN TO FIX A WIRE HAWSER ROUND THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE, TO RAISE HER ON AN EVEN KEEL: A DIVER BESIDE A BOAT DURING SALVAGE OPERATIONS.

The raising of the old German battle-cruiser "Hindenburg," one of the largest ships scuttled at Scapa Flow, was reported on August 15 to be nearing completion. The fore part of the ship was then already afloat, but the stern still rested on the bottom. Some 200 men, including about 20 divers, have been employed on the work, by Messrs. Cox and Danks, most of the summer.—Six bodies were recovered from the submarine "H 29," which sank in Devonport Basin on August 9, and they were buried on August 14—four at Plymouth, and two at Portsmouth



IN THE ADJOINING DRY DOCK TO WHICH SHE WAS TOWED AFTER BEING RAISED TO AN EVEN KEEL IN THE BASIN WHERE SHE SANK: THE "H 29" FINALLY SALVED.

and Torrington respectively. The salvage work took longer than was expected, as it was very difficult to get the submarine on an even keel. The water in the dock was then lowered to give access to the deck and enable pumping to be done. Poisonous fumes escaped from the conning-tower, and one workman was overcome, but was rescued in time. Gas-masks were consequently supplied. Later, the submarine was towed into an adjoining dry dock, where the first task was to get her clear of gas.

THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE IN ACTION: A REPRESENTATIVE PHOTOGRAPH.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.



SHOWING THE METHODS AND DIFFICULTIES OF FIRE-FIGHTING IN NARROW STREETS: A PICTURESQUE PHOTOGRAPH, TYPICAL OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE'S WORK, TAKEN DURING THE RECENT BLAZE IN SOUTHWARK.

We give a full-page to this photograph, not merely as a record of a recent occurrence, but as being a particularly picturesque and representative illustration of the work that is so frequently and efficiently done by the London Fire Brigade. It shows how the difficulties of fighting fires in tall buildings, amid narrow streets, are overcome by the use of special appliances, such as the high "water-towers" fixed on a turn-table on a motor-vehicle, capable of being moved at any angle. A fireman ascends to the top and there directs the stream of water through a

nozzle fixed on a pivot. In the street below other men, in smoke-helmets, are manipulating a maze of hoses, some of which, looking flat before the water fills them out, are being taken up by means of fire-escapes to the top of a building opposite the outbreak. The photograph was taken during the big fire at Messrs. Samuel Ward and Co.'s paint and varnish warehouse in Great Guildford Street, Southwark, on August 15. Only last week we illustrated a new type of London fire-engine at Southwark, for dealing with burning oil or petrol.

THE CRYSTALLISATION OF EUROPE.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THERE is one objection which often reappears under various forms in discussions which have the League of Nations for their theme. The institution at Geneva, being charged with the duty of preventing all sudden or violent changes in the condition of the world, must logically crystallise Europe in its actual shape. But Europe is a living thing, an assemblage of States which do not stand still. All attempts to crystallise them are doomed to failure, for such attempts are contrary to the right to live. This objection has lately been renewed in an indirect manner, but with considerable ingenuity, by M. Jules Cambon, the former French Ambassador in Berlin, in the fine book, "The Diplomatist," which he has just published.

"Think for a moment," writes the eminent diplomatist, "what would have happened if the impossible had taken place, and the League of Nations had existed at the time when M. de Cavour constructed Italy. It is probable that the Kingdom of Italy, the Papal States, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany would have formed part of the League of Nations; their Governments would have denounced at Geneva the aggressions by which they were threatened. The League of Nations would have had to attempt to intervene. Would they have succeeded in arresting the march of Garibaldi and his Thousand upon Naples? It is doubtful. I also feel convinced that Denmark would have appealed to Geneva in 1864, when the German Confederation sought a quarrel with her. Whatever the attitude of the League of Nations might have been in either of those cases, M. de Cavour and M. de Bismarck would have had to reckon with it—unless, indeed, the League had been so intimidated or divided that it was forced to confess its powerlessness."

It would be difficult to choose an historical precedent more fitted to enlighten us by a decisive experience on the future possibilities of the institution at Geneva. If there are any events in the history of the nineteenth century which can throw a light on the great problem of the future, it is those events which took place in Italy between 1859 and 1861. But they must be placed in their historical setting—that is to say, in what might be called the crystallisation of Europe made by the Congress of Vienna and the Holy Alliance.

Those dynasties which had survived the wars of the Revolution and the Empire, when reorganising Europe in 1814 and 1815 at the Congress of Vienna, endeavoured to support the States which they were about to constitute on a principle of Right—namely, dynastic legitimacy. It was a wise precaution, for no State can continue to exist by force alone, without a principle of Right; the great question was to know whether the principle chosen would be sufficiently strong and vital to support the new States against the revolutionary forces of their day. The legitimate dynastic principle which those royal families vindicated before everything else at the Congress of Vienna was the right to govern the territories which had belonged to them before the Revolution, whether their original title of possession had been acquired by treaty, marriage, or inheritance. Conceived in this manner, there is no doubt that legitimacy as a principle of right was still living in 1815, for a part of Europe recognised at that time that the right to govern her was inherent in certain royal families.

This principle, however, though it did exist, was not universally accepted. The Revolution and the Empire had destroyed many ancient republics, ecclesiastical principalities, and small Sovereign families. The populations which had lived under these régimes did not recognise the right of any of the royal families that were arranging the destinies of Europe at Vienna to govern them. The

territories of the Venetian republic, those of the Genoese republic, the Rhenish countries, are the most celebrated instances of this. Those territories were the stumbling block of the Congress of Vienna and of the principle of dynastic legitimacy. What was to be done?

They were distributed among the surviving dynasties by incorporating them with the territories over which the legitimate rights of those dynasties were incontestable. The dynastic right was established by the Treaty of Vienna for these doubtful enclaves. Having thus solved the difficult problem of their rights more or less satisfactorily, the signatories of the Treaty of Vienna engaged themselves

juridical and political system established by the Congress of Vienna. For the older dynasties, on the contrary, the alarm given them by the shock was greater than the temptation to profit by it. Russia sacrificed herself in order to aid Austria to quell the Hungarian revolution; Austria, as soon as she had beaten the Piedmontese, contented herself with the abdication of Charles Albert and the re-establishment throughout the peninsula of the previous situation; in Prussia, Frederick William IV. fled terrified from the offer of the Imperial Crown, which was made to him by the Parliament of Frankfurt.

The Revolution of 1848 seemed to have failed in so far as it was a revolt against the Treaty of 1815 and the League of Dynasties. In 1850 it seemed as if the crystallisation of Europe made by the Congress of Vienna had resisted the violent shock without breaking. But those who were defeated in 1848 and 1849 had not disarmed, either in Italy or in Germany; and events worked in their favour from the moment when Napoleon's nephew took possession of France. Being unable to feel any very keen sympathy for the treaties of 1815, he had to put France into a position of antagonism towards the legitimate dynasties. It soon became apparent who would profit by this policy.

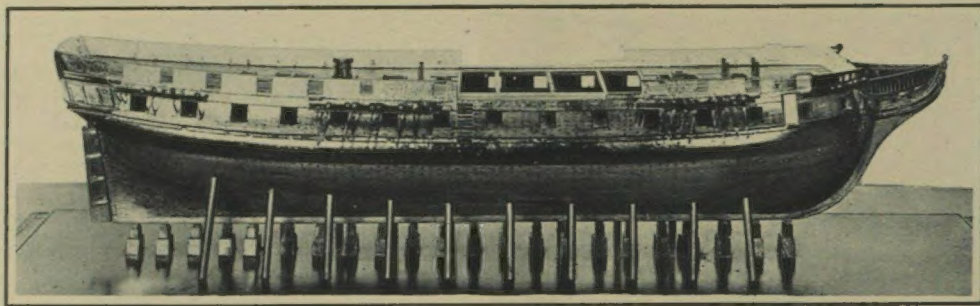
Recently published documents prove to us that Napoleon III. and Cavour once thought of the possibility of radically changing the European situation by making a great war against Austria, in which she should be annihilated. Cavour, who often allowed his ardent imagination to dazzle him, really dreamt for a time that he would see what eventually only came true in 1918: the end of the Austrian Empire. But if those somewhat apocalyptic hopes were doomed to disappointment, what a surprise was being prepared for the whole of Europe in the events of 1859 and 1860! The world was about to see the crystallisation of Europe, which had resisted the great convulsion of 1848, suddenly succumb to a very silent shock. We know that the first Franco-Piedmontese victories alarmed the whole European system. For one moment the phantom of universal war came out of its tomb and hovered over Europe. The Germanic world was agitated, Prussia mobilised. Napoleon III. and Francis Joseph were equally terrified, and came to an understanding. The King of Sardinia was to have Lombardy; as for the Italian problem, an attempt would be made to solve it without upsetting the framework of the old League of Dynasties, by a vague project of an Italian Confederation, of which the Empire of Austria would form a part. Cavour resigned in despair.

Thereupon the unification of Italy, which everyone, beginning with Cavour, had thought impossible without completely upsetting Europe as it had been crystallised by the Treaties of 1815, quietly imposed itself without any effort. The restoration of the ancient dynasties which had been made for Italy by the Congress of Vienna had only partially succeeded. In all the states of the peninsula, which had been restored to the Legitimate Dynasties with certain enlargements of territory in 1815, democratic ideas and national aspirations had spread in all the cultivated classes, especially after 1830. If the masses of the people, workmen and peasants, remained faithful to the old régimes, a part of the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy, the most stirring and energetic part, had for the past twenty years aspired to fundamental changes. So long as

the armies of the Austrian Empire were camped in the valley of the Po and kept the inhabitants there under the perpetual threat of the fire of its cannon, that opposition was forced to remain quiet. After Solferino, and as soon as Austria had evacuated Lombardy, these active minorities rose everywhere against the governments, which were almost completely unarmed. The Austrian army, then very small compared with subsequent armies, and the Piedmontese army were, since 1815, the only serious military forces in the peninsula.

The dispossessed or threatened dynasties then had recourse to that which in their day represented the League of Nations: namely, to the most powerful European Courts,

(Continued on Page 352.)

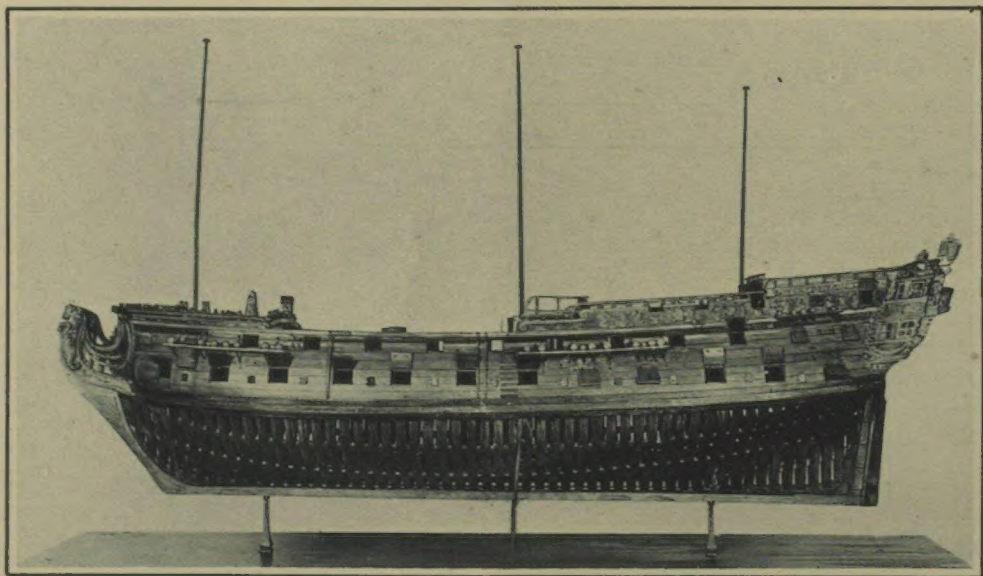


FROM A HISTORIC COLLECTION OF SHIP MODELS IN DANGER OF BEING SOLD TO AMERICA (SEE OPPOSITE PAGE): A HIGHLY FINISHED BUILT MODEL OF AN OLD FRIGATE, H.M.S. "RÉVOLUTIONNAIRE." (SCALE, 1-96TH.; SIZE, 1 FT. 10 IN.)

This vessel was built by the French, but, only a few weeks after launching, on October 21, 1794, fell into the hands of four British frigates. She remained in the British service, and served as a pattern for many of our later frigates. She fought in Bridport's action, June 23, 1795, and captured the "Unité," April 13, 1796, and took part in Strachan's action, November 3, 1805. She carried 354 men and 44 guns.

mutually to respect each other's rights. In that sense it is correct to say that the Holy Alliance was a league of nations of a monarchical character, in which each nation identified itself with a Sovereign family: a "Society," or "League of Dynasties," formed to guarantee the rights of all the participants, independently of the force which might be at the disposal of each for their defence.

From 1815 to 1848, the League of Dynasties was in operation, imposing respect for the weakest upon the strongest, and crystallising Europe in the shape which had been given to it by the treaties of 1815. The constitution of Belgium as an independent kingdom was the only important change which the political map of Europe

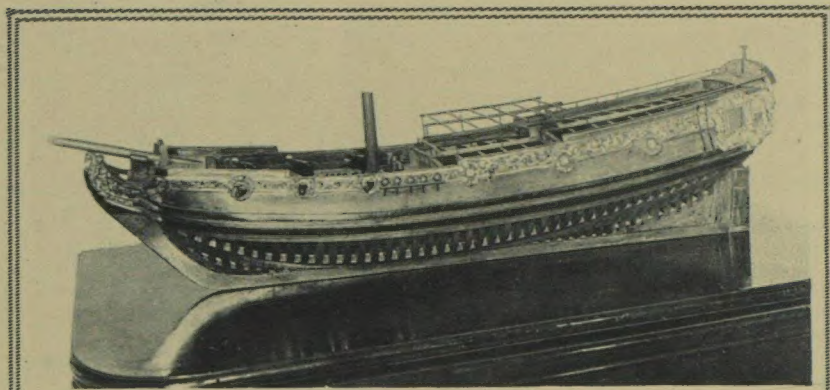


FROM THE "MERCURY" COLLECTION, FOR WHICH AMERICAN OFFERS HAVE BEEN MADE: A MODEL IN FRAME OF AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY 60-GUN SHIP, BELIEVED TO BE THE "CHEVAL MARIN." (SCALE, 1-48TH.; SIZE, 3 FT. 2 IN.)

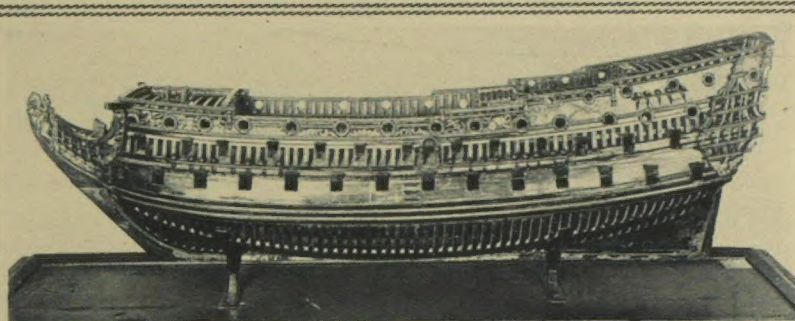
The ship was fitted for the use of sweeps. Her figurehead is a carved seahorse; her stern gallery and quarters are elaborately carved. The model is generally of good workmanship, which, together with the decoration, leads one to suppose that she represents the French ship "Cheval Marin," which was reported sunk in fight with the English in the battle of Velez Malaga in 1704.

underwent during thirty-three years, but the initiative in this was taken by a popular movement. Even the Revolution of 1848 did not at first seem either to weaken the League of Dynasties or break up the crystallisation of Europe. One dynasty only tried to profit by the great shock, and to enlarge its territory at the expense of the Treaties of 1815; and it was not one of the great dynasties, who might have been hindered by the respect due to a weaker one; it was one of the little dynasties, for whom the Holy Alliance was a guarantee. The contradiction is curious, and should give us much food for reflection. When in 1848 Charles Albert declared war on the Emperor of Austria, he drew his sword alone against the whole

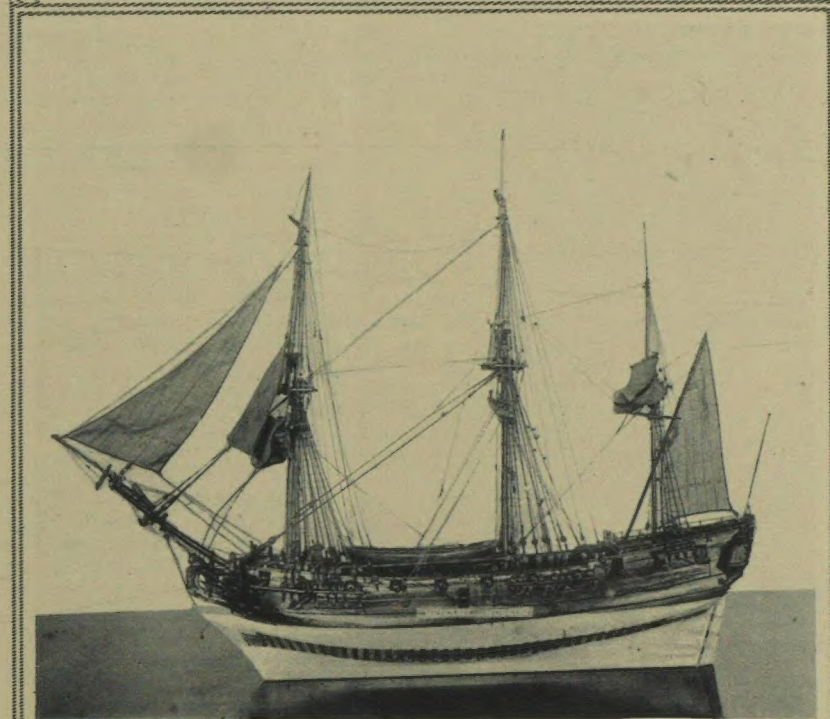
COVETED BY AMERICANS: HISTORIC SHIP MODELS IN PERIL OF EXPORT.



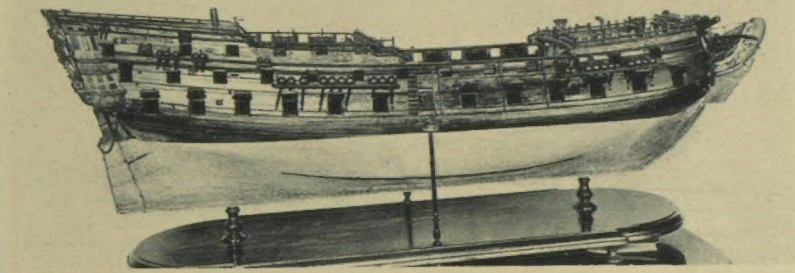
1. THE ROYAL YACHT OF CHARLES II.: AN ADMIRALTY MODEL OF H.M.S. "CATHARINE" (1674), WITH FIGURE-HEAD OF A HORSE RIDDEN BY CUPIDS, AND THE STUART ROYAL ARMS ON HER ESCUTCHEON. (SCALE, 1-30TH; SIZE, 2 FT. 8 IN.)



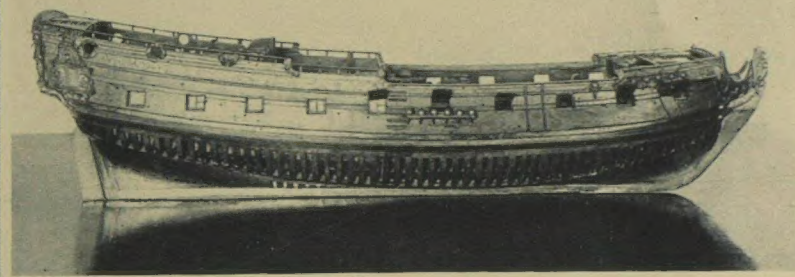
2. POSSIBLY THE ONE DISCOVERED BY SAMUEL PEPYS AT THE ADMIRALTY IN 1660, AND PROBABLY THE OLDEST IN ENGLAND: A MODEL (MADE 1640) OF H.M.S. "PRINCE ROYAL." (SCALE, ABOUT 1-54TH; SIZE 3 FT. 4 IN.)



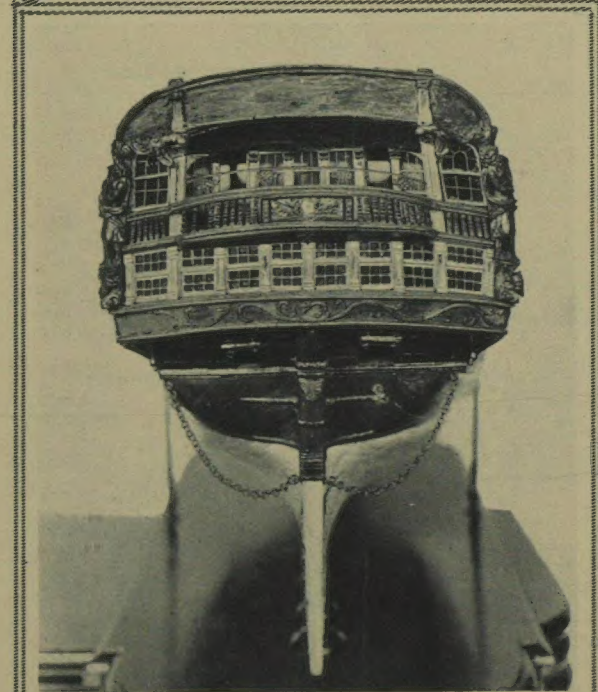
3. ONE OF THE FEW RIGGED EXAMPLES OF THE PERIOD: A MODEL OF H.M.S. "TARTAR" (BUILT 1734), WITH 22 BRASS GUNS AND A TARTAR AS FIGURE-HEAD. SCALE, 1-82ND; SIZE, 1 FT. 8 IN.)



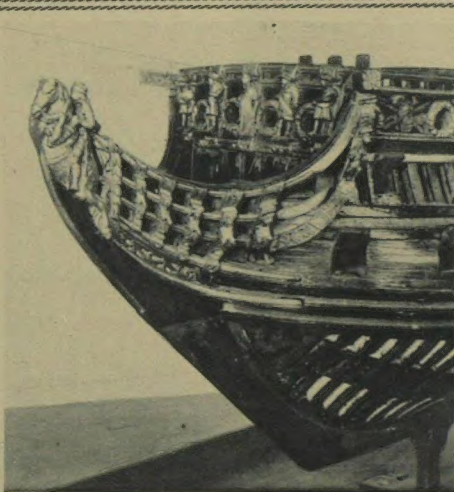
4. ONCE THE PROPERTY OF NELSON: A MODEL RECORDED AS H.M.S. "RUBY," BUT MORE PROBABLY THE "SOLITAIRE," A FRENCH SHIP SHE CAPTURED IN 1782 IN THE WEST INDIES. (SCALE, 1-48TH; SIZE, 4 FT.)



5. QUEEN ANNE'S ROYAL YACHT: A SMALL ADMIRALTY SCALE MODEL OF H.M.S. "CAROLINA" (ORIGINALLY BUILT AS THE PEREGRINE GALLEY) BEARING DATE 1708. (SCALE, 1-48TH; SIZE, 2 FT.)

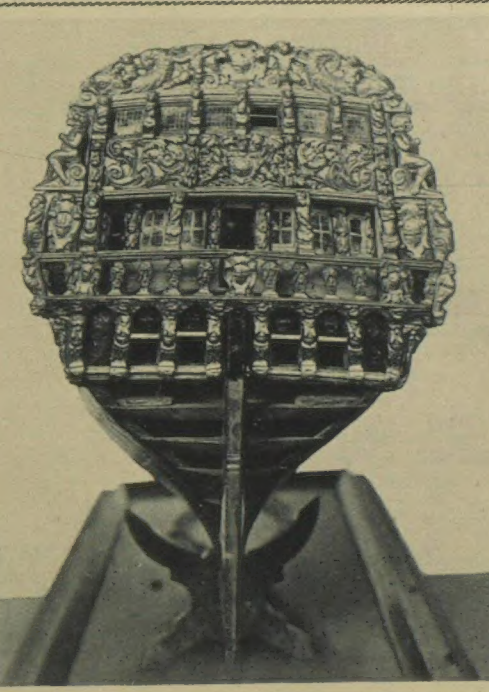


6. WITH TWO LARGE GILDED FIGURES ON EITHER QUARTER: THE STERN OF THE "RUBY" (OR "SOLITAIRE") SHOWN ABOVE IN NO. 4—A MODEL THAT ONCE BELONGED TO NELSON.



7. WITH A KING ON HORSEBACK AS FIGURE-HEAD AND FIVE FIGURES ON THE FO'CSLE BULKHEAD: THE BOWS OF THE "PRINCE ROYAL" MODEL (SHOWN IN NO. 2).

LIABLE TO BE SOLD TO AN AMERICAN MUSEUM IF NO ACCEPTABLE BRITISH OFFER IS MADE: THE FINE COLLECTION OF MODELS OF EARLY MEN-OF-WAR BELONGING TO THE TRAINING-SHIP "MERCURY"—SOME OF THE BEST EXAMPLES.



8. BEARING THE ROYAL ARMS (CENTRE): THE ELABORATELY CARVED STERN OF A MODEL OF H.M.S. "MORDAUNT," BUILT AS A PRIVATEER AND BOUGHT INTO THE NAVY IN 1683. (SCALE, 1-48TH.)

The training-ship "Mercury," which lies in Hamble Creek, near Southampton, possesses one of the finest collections of ship models in the world, some of which are shown here and on the opposite page. There are over a hundred in all, but the gems of the collection are original Admiralty scale models from which ships of the line were built in the days of the Stuarts, William and Mary, and Queen Anne. Their history is authenticated. The Director of the "Mercury," Com-

mander C. B. Fry, R.N.V.R. (formerly famous as cricketer and athlete) stated recently that American museums in New York, Boston, and Baltimore had offered to buy the collection, but that so far these offers had not been accepted, in the hope that it might be acquired for Britain. It is desirable that a collection of such great historic interest should remain in this country; but the "Mercury" needs funds for training boys, and will sooner or later be obliged to sell.

"Pearyaksoah, You Always Come Back."

"PEARY." By FITZHUGH GREEN.*

IT is written of Renoir that, when rheumatism crippled him, he painted with a brush strapped to his fingers. That is the sort of thing Peary did. In fact, he emulated the artist unconsciously, after he had lost eight toes from frost-bite—and had reached the North Pole!—by walking the regulation fifty miles before the physical tests officialdom deemed a necessary adjunct to his naval rank. He was, in truth, the Man who Refused to Fail. His ardent energy forbade him rest; his iron will, his insatiable ambition, saw him through to a great achievement. But at what cost!

In his twenty-third year, when he was a draughtsman in the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, he wrote to his mother: "I shall not be satisfied that I have done my best until my name is known from one end of the world to the other." He was already "searching for his niche." In 1885 came the urge to the North. "One evening, in one of my favorite haunts, an old book-store in Washington," he wrote, "I came upon a fugitive paper on the Inland Ice of Greenland. A chord which, as a boy, had vibrated intensely in me at the reading of Kane's wonderful book, was touched again. I read all I could upon the subject, noted the conflicting experiences of Nordenskjöld, Jensen, and the rest, and felt that I must see for myself what the truth was of this great mysterious interior." He determined to traverse that "Arctic Sahara" beside which "the African one pales into insignificance." On June 6, 1886, he was landed at Godhaven, and at Ritenbenk he recruited Christian Maigaard. The pair of them dragged their sledges "up into the unknown ice-blink that beckoned in the eastern sky." The Ice-cap blew them its bitter welcome. Wind and blinding sun, fog, sleet, snow, and then the end. It was decided to return. It was the explorer's first rebuff—but "from that moment Robert Peary was consecrated to the task of wrenching from the white Arctic the secret men had, through four centuries, died to learn. He did not think of the Pole specifically; nor of the Ice-cap; not even of those poor wretches who had gone to their deaths year after year just beyond where he stood. Rather was his inspiration born of the cold defiance of the glittering whiteness all about him. There was that in Peary which could not stomach the thought of man's defeat at the hands of the Frozen North."

The fighting instinct responded to the goad, kicked against the prick. Peary pored over his charts. "He computed the area of Greenland as close to 800,000 square miles. Once more he realised that only the barest fringe of this gigantic area was known: possibly 5000 miles along the south-west edge. No one knew what lay within the vast interior. No human path had bridged it. 'What a feat to cross it first!' Peary exclaimed to a friend." "And I am going to be the first man across Greenland," he told his bride as he would borrow twenty-five cents from her to eke out his half of the fifty dollars a month family budget. Then, on a never-forgotten day came the news "Nansen has crossed Greenland." This was more than serious. It was almost disaster. But Peary recovered from the blow within a fortnight, and was planning again. He pleaded with those interested that there was much more to do; "he began to make his hearers forget just the crossing aspect of his projected trip and to forge in their subconscious selves a growing desire to see the Greenland mystery solved, no matter what the method. In effect Peary was learning the first great lesson a man-who-wants-to-do-something-different must learn—which is to be a good showman." He forced the *terra incognita* card and the human interest of the Eskimos. And in due time his "Outline of a Project for Reaching the Northern Terminus of Greenland via the Inland Ice" became a practical possibility.

In June 1891 the Newfoundland steamer *Kite* cast off from the foot of Baltic Street, Brooklyn, and swung out into the East River. Amongst those aboard was Peary's young wife. "Now," said one of the numerous crabbing writers, "we know he's crazy."

The first task was to gain the confidence and command the experience of the Eskimos—those Eskimos without whom the explorer could never have reached the Pole. Peary studied them closely, taught them much, and was taught much by them. He treated them as equals, recognising that everything is in the point of view. "He made up his mind on two things: first, to learn the wonderful tricks the Eskimos had learned about living in the frozen North; and, second, to exchange for this priceless knowledge any help, both material and spiritual, that he could

possibly give to the little tribe he found himself so soon beginning to love."

Into his ken came care for the native dogs and how to drive them; the building of snow igloos, invaluable as shelters on the march; the wisdom of laying in supplies of fresh meat during the hunting seasons, and thus avoiding scurvy. "He learned to dress like an Eskimo; with light, windproof furs fitting almost skin-tight, in place of the ponderous woollen garments that had so handicapped his predecessors; he learned the value of light water-tight boots; of bird-skin shirts; of long sleeves and short mittens; of mid-body air-spaces to reduce sweating; and of fox-tail ringlets about the most vulnerable parts of the body." He found, also, that "preparation of hides before they could be used was really as vital a matter as securing them. In all cases they had to be removed promptly



REPRODUCED FOR COMPARISON WITH THE ORIGINAL OPPOSITE, TO SHOW THE DAMAGE IT HAS SUSTAINED DURING ITS SIXTY-SIX YEARS OF OBLIVION: DRAWINGS MADE IN 1860 OF THE NEWLY RECOVERED ETRUSCAN SEPULCHRAL CHEST.

A comparison of the newly recovered Etruscan sepulchral chest, illustrated on the opposite page, with the above drawings of the front and sides, made about 1860 by Francesco Moretti, shows that the sculptures have suffered much damage during the sixty-six years that the chest was missing.

from the carcase, scraped and tied to protect them from the dogs and from rotting. Then in camp they had to be scraped again and thoroughly dried in the sun or the wind. After that they were well chewed by the natives in order to remove all excess of fat in the texture of the hide. If any part were left oily it would freeze solid in low temperatures." And he noted such points as "grass padded between socks and boots" and "an Eskimo never stands with feet apart or arms akimbo, as such postures bare the large blood-vessels of the limbs to the cold."

Thus equipped the explorer strengthened his chances of success; but there was ever the "Almighty Devil" to placate. "The Almighty Devil is ill this winter, or dead" would be the boast; then would come the awakening and the wrath.

Peary had a leg broken just above the ankle as the *Kite* rammed through heavy ice, and he had to direct while helpless and suffering on a hard transom, and to land strapped to a plank. Next came crutches and the deadening fear that the bones might not be of full use by the spring. Preparations went on, however, and at the appointed time the start was made. Eivind Astrup

and Peary set out. "Then came the long nightmare of the first crossing of North Greenland: two men and sixteen dogs alone in a white desert, 6000 feet in the air, and the only living things in that vast dead space." Such was the glare from the snow that each night the men had to drop opium solution into their eyes to relieve the pain, and to sleep with strips of fur tied over them; the physical and mental strain was terrible; rations were short—but North Greenland was crossed, "the long White March had ended."

What the explorer called the Black March—a lecture tour—followed it. It had to; for Peary wanted funds for further adventures. His task was not easy. The public were wont to ask "What's the good?" Naval authorities grudged leave; much "backing" had to be collected for the fitting-out of ships, for stores, and for wages; and Peary himself was not a popular hero: he was too self-contained, too masterful, for that.

That he achieved his aim on this occasion says much for his will-power and his persistence; that he did so on others seems well-nigh a miracle. Little wonder the Eskimo Alakasingwaq said to him: "You are like the sun, Pearyaksoah, you always come back. And when the Almighty Devil has taken your body from you, I think your spirit will often visit us." Little wonder that failure merely meant a fresh call for endeavour.

And failures were frequent enough to daunt the sternest. The next expedition—begun in '93—started auspiciously enough; Marie Ahnighito Peary, the Snow Baby, was born, and mother and child did well, to use the classic tag. Then troubles began. Astrup "cracked," and there were other misfortunes. A tidal wave of ice swept away practically all the oil fuel. Frost-bite did its deadly worst. Eskimos went home. "Recuperation took about six weeks. By that time the Ice-Cap trip was out of the question." The Spring Party's cache of supplies, the life-blood of the expedition, was swallowed up by the snow. Yet, on April 1, 1895, Hugh Lee, Matthew Henson, and Peary, with six native drivers, six sledges, and sixty dogs pushed forward again. Navy Cliff was reached, but they could not go on. The return was a famine march, dogs were eaten, and the last dog was fed on seal-skin boots and rawhide line. "I have failed," wrote Peary in his diary.

Something had to be done; so he decided to secure the Iron Stones of Meteorite Island, the meteorites called The Dog, The Woman, and The Tent—about 1000 lbs.; about 6000 lbs.; and nearly 200,000 lbs. This he did, with the utmost difficulty.

The next attempts to reach the North Pole, begun in 1898, and working from the base, Etah, North Greenland, were a five years' record of disaster. "He failed and failed and failed. His men deserted. His Eskimos died. His feet lost their toes through freezing. He had at times literally no food nor equipment. He seemed shackled to a lost cause." The last failure was 174 miles from the Pole.

Then, 1908—and Peary fifty-two, but with nearly twenty-five years of experience behind him, and meticulous care for detail. "The natives had seen a small library globe on the ship. Often they spoke of the Big Nail at the top of the globe. Would there be a huge replica of that nail at the apex of the earth? The idea fascinated them." Peary and Henson and four Eskimos got to the Pole

on April 6, 1909.

"The American flag was planted in the ice. Three cheers were joined in by all. Then Peary shook hands all around. The natives were delighted with the whole performance, though somewhat childishly disappointed to find no 'Big Nail' visible in any direction."

The culminating moment of his life had come—and Peary was almost too tired to realise its drama.

Fate chose to strike another blow. Dr. Cook entered the scene, with the statement that he had reached the North Pole in the spring of 1908! And there were other tribulations, accusations and insinuations calculated to wound the most hardened—and Peary was by no means that. Finally, at long last, world recognition, Congressional thanks, and the rest; with Peary disheartened and discouraged, but a fighter to the last—turning pilot and creating the National Aerial Coast Patrol Commission; And, at sixty-three, the end of it all. A tragic, heroic story.

Mrs. Peary has but done justice in having it published, and she could have found no better narrator than Commander Fitzhugh Green. E. H. G.

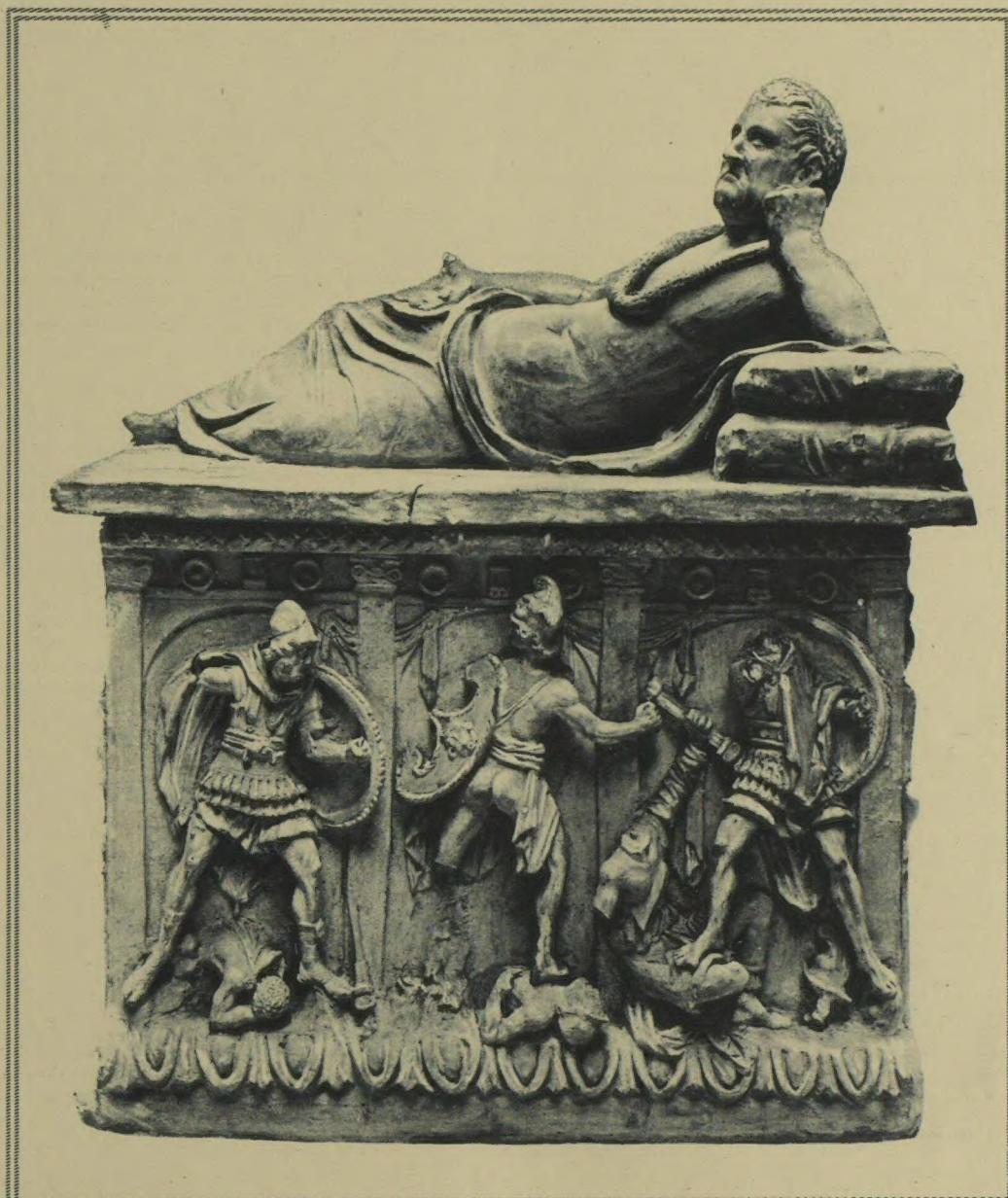
* "Peary: The Man who Refused to Fail." By Commander Fitzhugh Green, U.S.N. (G. P. Putnam's Sons; 25s. net.)

RE-DISCOVERED IN ENGLAND: A FINE EXAMPLE OF ETRUSCAN ART.

BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, MR. RAYMOND HENNIKER-HEATON.

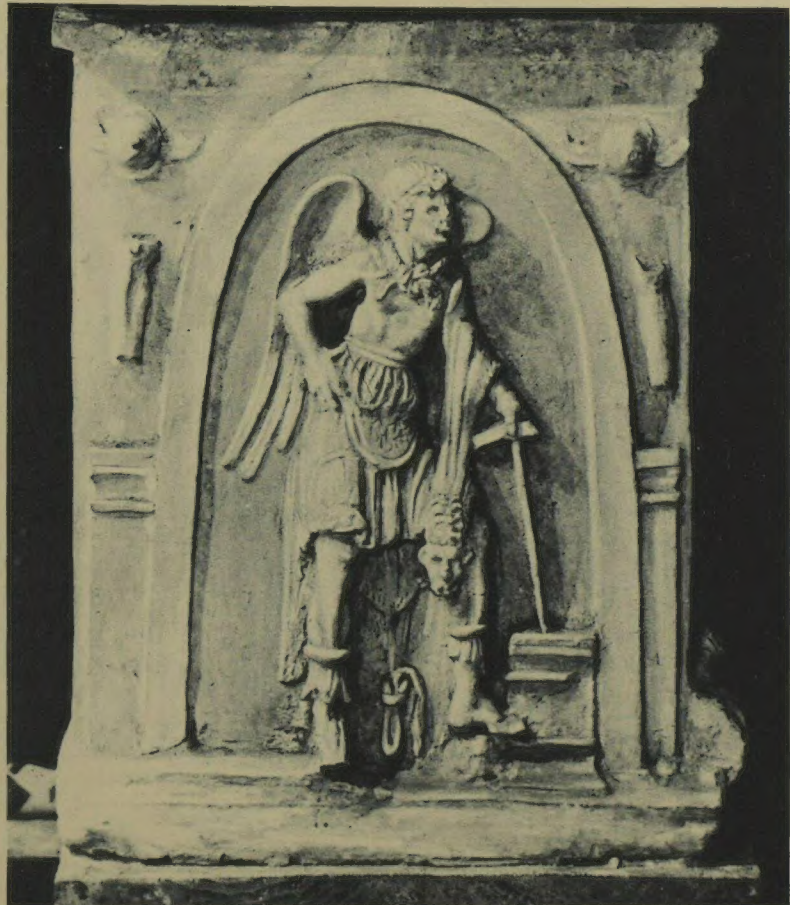
"THIS Etruscan sepulchral chest in terra-cotta," writes Mr. F. C. Davis, "now in the collection of Mr. Raymond Henniker-Heaton, by whose courtesy it is reproduced, has for more than sixty years been hidden away unnoticed, first near Dorking, and later at Callalee Castle, in Northumberland. It was first described, and justly praised, as being 'worked with the finest art and singular mastery,' in 1860 by Count Giancarlo Comestabile, but, sent to England almost immediately, it remained unrecognised until it came into the possession of Mr. Sydney Burney a few months ago. This example, though smaller, is similar in general arrangement to the big, full-length sarcophagus in the British Museum—that of Seianti Thanunia. One is struck immediately by the vigorous and uncompromising portrait of the dead man. The drapery and body are rather clumsily modelled, but the head is a most powerful delineation. There lies the deceased, intelligent, imperious, his character

[Continued opposite.]



BROUGHT TO ENGLAND IN 1860, AND RECENTLY RESCUED FROM OBLIVION: AN ETRUSCAN SEPULCHRAL CHEST OF 350 B.C., WITH A STRIKING PORTRAIT STATUE ON TOP, AND A GREEK BATTLE SCENE BELOW—SHOWING DAMAGE SINCE THE DRAWING ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE WAS MADE.

Continued.] as hard as the material from which his effigy is made. One cannot doubt that he ruled his household and managed his estates with an iron hand, if with justice. The contrast between the stern brutality of this figure and the grace of the battle-scene below—wholly Hellenic in inspiration—is most marked. The reliefs at each end of the chest, while Greek in style, are purely Etruscan in subject. On one side stands a Fury, on the other Charon, whose face, 'beautiful in spite of its repulsive and malevolent sneer,' is described by Mr. F. N. Pryce as 'beyond doubt one of the most masterly grotesques that Etruscan art has produced.' A drawing of the front and sides made by Francesco Moretti about 1860 is reproduced (on the opposite page) to show the extent of the damage this important monument has received during its sixty-six years of oblivion." A somewhat similar sepulchral chest with portrait statue was illustrated in our issue of June 5 last, in connection with the Etruscan Congress at Florence.



A MASTERLY ETRUSCAN GROTESQUE: A REMARKABLE FIGURE OF CHARON CARVED IN RELIEF AT ONE END OF THE TERRA-COTTA SEPULCHRAL CHEST ILLUSTRATED ABOVE.



"GREEK IN STYLE, BUT PURELY ETRUSCAN IN SUBJECT": A FIGURE OF A WINGED FURY THAT DECORATES THE OTHER END OF THE NEWLY RECOVERED ETRUSCAN SEPULCHRAL CHEST.

The World of the Theatre.

THE FAIR OAK PLAYERS.—MATINÉES.—ILLUSION AND PASSION.

I AM sitting in a woodland dell full of happy impressions of the romantic pastoral, "Robin Hood," which I have just seen at Fair Oak. It seems as though the whole earth is alive with joy. In such a glade as this Pan and Sylvanus, the ruddy, laughing god, and droll Silenus, the fauns and satyrs, nymphs and dryads must hold their revels. Stuff and nonsense? Oh, I know that poetry is as much out of fashion as compulsory Greek, but it puts beauty

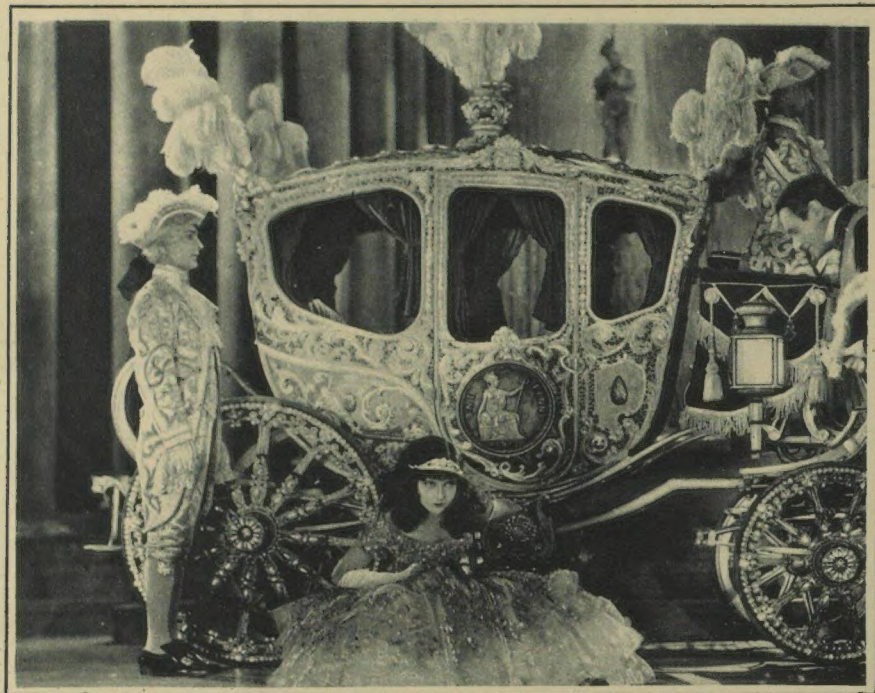
I could not avoid thinking in contrasts of matinées in our London theatres. Do not imagine I am one of those who abhor matinées. Much nonsense is talked about the glamour of the theatre at night. If I want to enjoy a book it is not necessary that I wait until after dinner. Nor have I to dress to enhance the pleasure. If the play is good it will be good at any hour. There is no special virtue in 8.30 p.m. In our weather of infinite variety there are many

than these dramatists of the dressing-gown are aware of. The inspiring epics do not come out of boudoirs, but from the fight against fate with clenched fists. I came away from watching another such play quite recently, all cocktails and smartness, feeling a new affection for musical comedy—about which I am no enthusiast—for here one can escape the topic and not be devastated by corrupt cynicism.

At this season of the year we may classify plays into two kinds—those which survive and those which arrive. Broadly, the plays which run like Tennyson's brook evade serious discussion, set out to amuse and succeed. Your intellectual cynic might add that the real hero is like the real hero of Balzac's novels, the five-franc piece. It is only half a truth. It is better to bring false glamour into dull lives than none at all. The tragedy is that this refusal to think is leading to an incapacity to think. That is why the passionate impress is too rare in the theatre—the divine fury which possesses a man when, like Hamlet, he feels the world out of joint and rages to set it right. We have such authors, but the public, seeking only amusement, is apt to confuse them with madmen like the fool who fired the Ephesian dome. Too much money is wasted on the frivolous, and too little spent on the sincere and passionately conceived play.

I do not despair; nay, we have reason to be proud of the fine record of good dramas which have been put on in the West End. The entertainment out to amuse is always with us. The ancients had their circus, the Elizabethans their bear-gardens. The lover of and believer in the theatre thinks not of these, but of the earnest plays bringing ideas and illuminating life. The arrivals in this so-called "dead season" already include two plays we can welcome. "Distinguished Villa" has made good at the Little, and "Pillars of Society," so admirably revived at the Royalty, deserves to make good. Of course, the arrivals include plays that make one wonder how they came to be written. I have ceased to wonder how they were staged, for money worketh miracles. The new play, "Escape," by Mr. Galsworthy, should adorn the Ambassadors', for here again we have a passionate playwright with an ideal far above the purveyors of false glamour.

But plays like these are not created in a woodland dell. Here one may muse and scribble, but the passionate impress comes not amid Nature's harmonies, but among its discords. It is created among the chimney-pots, among the bigness and the littleness,



FILM MAGIC APPLIED TO A FAMOUS BARRIE FANTASY: CINDERELLA (MISS BETTY BRONSON) ARRIVING IN HER FAIRY COACH TO ATTEND THE BALL AT THE PALACE, IN "A KISS FOR CINDERELLA," AT THE PLAZA THEATRE.

As noted on the opposite page, a film version of Sir James Barrie's play, "A Kiss for Cinderella," was recently produced at the Plaza Theatre. The lower photograph here shows Cinderella, recuperating after the dream and her illness, accepting the policeman's proposal.

in your mind, and that is more than money in your purse. It is your critic who has spent his afternoons exchanging summer spaciousness for the stuffiness of stalls who will get the most out of a matinée in a woodland grove. He feels the abundant life and responds to its high spirits. How many times have I added one more to a small and listless "papered" house and sighed for the dawn! How many times have I forgiven players who let boredom creep into their work because I knew the play was flat and there was sunshine outside! To-day there was nothing to extenuate and everything to enjoy—the scene, the players, and the play.

This Rogate natural amphitheatre is perfect. From its tiered slope we look down on a space under the trees, with exits and entrances through the bracken, and these keen Sussex amateurs know how to fill it with pictures. Fortune in the weather and circumstance in the setting joined hands to give us full measure of enjoyment, pressed down and running over. It was such fine nonsense that you were compelled to surrender to its intoxication.

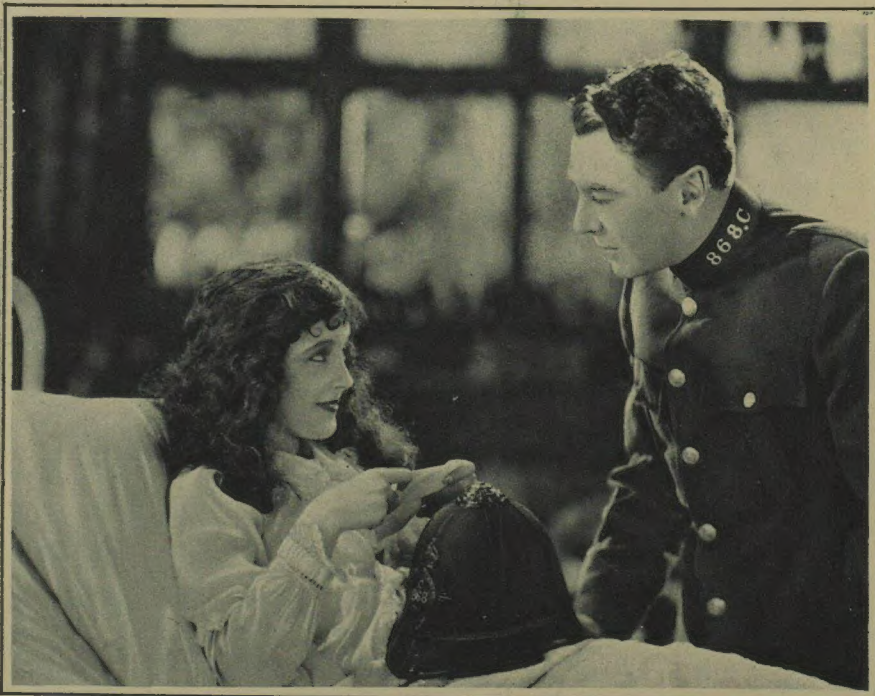
For Mr. Squire never pretends to be serious. He has taken all the conventions of Theocritus and held the mirror of laughter up to Arcady. We enjoy this Robin Hood of splendid heroics, this villainous Sheriff, this match-making father, this distracted heroine, and this tempestuous Abbess. These modern merry men are as full of quips as their girdles are with arrows. Alan-a-Dale pantomimes as a fantastic Oxford undergraduate, while rotund Friar Tuck is ever jovial at the expense of the Church. King Richard and his singing Squire come riding through the woods in the nick of time, so the villains are sent to the dungeons of Nottingham, while a Scotch marriage unites the merry men and their brides, to live happily ever after in Sherwood. A fine tale and told with spirit. A tale to fit the occasion, with many a passage, both of word and attitude, that is full of beauty. Simple, indeed, but remember that simplicity is the first note in nature and the final result in art. It was a romance full of savour, "strong and sweet and sane as a bird's song in the rain."

cannot fill their eyes and their ears without taxing their brains. That is why they love musical comedy, farce, revue, and crook drama. It is because life is not lived in terms of "Rose Marie" or "The Ringer" that they enjoy such pieces. It is the illusion which cheats them out of facts; and was not the theatre always a home of illusion? I do not say that poetry finds no place and that there is not a public to enjoy the illusion which is not made by reflectors. Go to the Savoy Theatre and watch the ballet—all mockery and magic. This is a thing of pure imagination, and without it how can you enjoy the delightful Karsavina as the gay Karissima? But Sir James Barrie's fantasy, which demands some mental activity, has this in common with the most flagrantly false non-intellectual musical comedy. It is meant to create an illusion, to set the wrong end of the telescope to your eye. *Chacun son goût.*

Surely this is far healthier and more desirable than the sight of jaded theatre-goers crowding to a play in search of some fresh excitement in spurious sex realism. These epigrammatic audacities have become a nauseating nuisance. The world is far bigger

afternoons when it is grateful and comforting to escape out of the cold, wet streets into the cosiness of the theatre. But we do make sacrifices. So frequently are we compelled to leave our wits behind us. For the dawn in russet mantle clad we get the effects of the electrician, for the thunder the rattle of a tea-tray. Now why must we have always the *genre romanesque* condemned artistically as the *faux*? The blame lies not with the managers, who can ill afford the expense it involves, but with the public that has lost the power to imagine. In the old days, when poetry was an everyday part of culture, it came natural and easy to make pictures in the mind. This age, so prosaic and mechanical, wants its pictures made for it.

People have no use for the theatre if it



"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA" FILMED: MISS BETTY BRONSON AS CINDERELLA, AND MR. TOM MOORE AS THE POLICEMAN IN THE FINAL SCENE.

the courage and the cowardice of human lives. The finest romance of all is that of man fighting against odds, unbroken in spirit, baffled and thwarted, but unconquerable.

G. F. H.

BARRIE ON THE FILMS: "A KISS FOR CINDERELLA" AT THE PLAZA.



ABOUT TO TURN THE PUMPKIN (RIGHT) INTO A COACH AND THE WHITE MICE INTO HORSES: THE FAIRY GODMOTHER (MISS ESTHER RALSTON) APPEARS TO CINDERELLA (MISS BETTY BRONSON) OUTSIDE THE "PENNY FRIEND" SHOP.



PATIENTLY STRAP-HANGING AS THEY AWAIT THE CANDIDATES FOR THE PRINCE'S HAND: (L. TO R.) THE PRINCE (MR. TOM MOORE), THE KING (MR. HENRY VIBART), AND THE QUEEN (MISS DOROTHY CUMMING).



A TOUCH OF BARRIE HUMOUR IN THE LONDON CINDERELLA'S DREAM: PRINCE HARD-TO-PLEASE (MR. TOM MOORE) PUTS A SHILLING INTO THE GAS METER DURING THE BALL.



CINDERELLA AND VENUS: "CINDERS" (MISS BETTY BRONSON) LEARNS ABOUT THE GODDESS OF LOVE FROM RICHARD BODIE (MR. HENRY VIBART), THE ARTIST WHOSE STUDIO SHE CLEANS.



UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE EXECUTIONER'S AXE: CINDERELLA (MISS BETTY BRONSON) CONSIDERS HER ANSWER TO THE ROYAL RIDDLE PROPOUNDED AFTER THE TEST OF THE GLASS SLIPPER.

The film version of Sir James Barrie's delightful war-time fantasy, "A Kiss for Cinderella," recently produced at the Plaza Theatre, retains very successfully the simplicity, humour, and pathos of the original play. In one respect, indeed, the screen has an advantage over the regular stage, and that is in the representation of the magic change wrought by the Fairy Godmother, and the wonders of Cinderella's dream, for the film has resources in these matters which are more effective than any theatrical contrivances. The film adheres closely to the spirit of the play, and the use of extracts from Barrie's dialogue as sub-titles to the

pictures adds to the sense of authenticity. Miss Betty Bronson makes a charming figure of the little London-servant girl, whose dream came true so unexpectedly, and the acting of the other characters is admirable, notably that of Mr. Tom Moore as the Policeman who became the Fairy Prince, and of Mr. Henry Vibart in the double rôle of the artist whose studio "Cinderella" cleans in real life, and the royal father of the prince in the dream scenes at the ball. Miss Esther Ralston makes a beautiful Fairy Godmother, and the Queen is well represented by Miss Dorothy Cumming.

JUSTICE IN A LAND APPEALING TO GENEVA: LAW IN ABYSSINIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARIEL L. VARGES, "WANDERING" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.



A "LIMB OF THE LAW" IN ABYSSINIA: A NATIVE POLICEMAN MAKING AN ARREST IN THE MARKET AT ADDIS ABABA, THE CAPITAL



WHERE "THE VERDICT OF THE UNOFFICIAL JUDGE IS ALWAYS ACCEPTED": AN IMPROMPTU STREET COURT OF JUSTICE IN ADDIS ABABA.



A GANG OF PRISONERS CARRYING HEAVY BUNDLES OF TIMBER ON THEIR SHOULDERS THROUGH THE STREETS OF ADDIS ABABA: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF PENAL METHODS IN ABYSSINIA.



A METHOD OFTEN APPLIED TO DEBTOR AND CREDITOR, OR ACCUSER AND ACCUSED: A COUPLE OF MEN CHAINED TOGETHER.



SHOWING THE DRAMATIC GESTURES OF THE ABYSSINIAN LITIGANT: A SCENE IN A STREET COURT OF JUSTICE AT ADDIS ABABA.



AN ABYSSINIAN "CICERO": A LAWYER PLEADING IN A STREET COURT, AMID A GROUP OF MEN CARRYING RIFLES.

Abyssinia, as noted in an illustrated article in our last issue, appealed to the League of Nations against the Anglo-Italian Agreement regarding concessions sought from the Abyssinian Government. Italy has since replied to the League's letter. As promised, we give in this number a further instalment of photographs illustrating the customs of the country. A very interesting account of the judicial methods is given by Mrs. Rosita Forbes, the well-known traveller, in her recent book: "From Red Sea to Blue Nile" (Cassell). "Wandering, apparently quite happily, among the crowd," she writes, "were generally several couples of debtor

and creditor, or accuser and accused, linked together with a 4 ft. chain . . . a convenient method of ensuring that the defendant does not escape. . . . Sometimes we passed impromptu courts of justice, conducted with much explanation and gesture in the midst of an interested crowd. On these occasions any passer-by may be called in as judge, to settle the disputed ownership of beasts, petty thefts, or damage. . . . Witnesses often illustrate their story, mimicking the dragging away of a sheep or the purloining of grain with much histrionic talent. . . . The verdict of the unofficial judge is always accepted." Mrs. Forbes

(Continued opposite.)

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN ABYSSINIA: A COURT OF DOMESTIC RELATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARIEL L. VARGES, "WANDERING" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.



WITH THE JUDGE AND JURY ON A VERANDAH PROTECTED BY BARBED WIRE: THE COURT OF DOMESTIC RELATIONS IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT ADDIS ABABA, THE CAPITAL OF ABYSSINIA.



TYPICAL OF THE VOLUBLE ORATORY AND FRANTIC ARM GESTURES WITH WHICH AN ABYSSINIAN LITIGANT PRESENTS HIS CASE: MAN AND WIFE BEFORE THE COURT OF DOMESTIC RELATIONS AT ADDIS ABABA.

Continued.

also explains very fully the status and legal rights of Abyssinian women. Marriages may be either religious or civil. "In the case of *bercha* (civil marriage) the reasons (for divorce) may be much more frivolous—a caprice on the part of the woman, the omission of some household duties, her neglect of parents-in-law, the husband's refusal to give his wife a present. . . . If husband and wife separate, each, at the time of the divorce, has the right to forbid the re-marriage of the other with one given person, who must be named before witnesses. . . . It is generally conceded in Ethiopia that a woman's first judge

is her husband, so nobody can proceed against her judicially without having previously consulted her spouse, who has the choice of publicly supporting her in court or paying for her delinquencies. . . . These are nearly always vocal, and consist of perjury, libel, false accusation or slander. It is very rare that a woman commits any graver offence, since blood feuds . . . are carried out by men, and crimes of passion hardly exist in a country where so much license is permitted. She may, of course, run into debt or steal, but there is no State prosecution in Abyssinia, so the husband can stifle publicity, if he chooses . . . with dollars."

LIFE IN THE AFRICAN KINGDOM PROTESTING AGAINST THE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARIEL L. VARGES, "WANDERING" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT



ABYSSINIANS AS PASSENGERS ON THE ONLY RAILWAY IN THEIR COUNTRY: A STATION ON THE 50-MILE FRENCH LINE FROM JUBIT, IN FRENCH SOMALI- LAND, TO ADDIS ABABA.



ABYSSINIAN BELLES "AT THE BARBER'S": A PROFESSIONAL HAIR-BRAIDER AT WORK IN THE MARKET SQUARE AT ADDIS ABABA, ARRANGING RIDGED COIFFURES.



CARRYING A CHICKEN: AN ABYSSINIAN LADY RETURNING FROM MARKET, FOLLOWED BY TWO SERVANTS—A TYPICAL WOMAN OF THE WEALTHIER CLASS



SHOWING A GROUP OF SPECTATORS (ON THE RIGHT) BOWING TO THE BODY IS GENERALLY WRAPPED IN A CLEAN CHAMMA AND



SHOPPING IN ADDIS ABABA: ABYSSINIAN CUSTOMERS EXAMINING ARTICLES IN AN OPEN-AIR GENERAL STORE.

ANGLO-ITALIAN AGREEMENT: TYPICAL SCENES IN ABYSSINIA.

OF THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL CORPORATION OF NEW YORK.



AS IT PASSES BY: A FUNERAL PROCESSION IN ABYSSINIA, WHERE THE CORPSE CARRIED ON A NATIVE BED BY A PARTY OF BEARERS.



SEWING FOR HIS CUSTOMERS WHILE THEY WAIT: A STREET TAILOR IN ADDIS ABABA PLYING HIS MACHINE IN THE OPEN AIR.



A PUBLIC PEST AT ADDIS ABABA: SOME OF THE HORDES OF SCAVENGER DOGS THAT SWARM IN THE STREETS BEING FED WITH OFFAL BY A BUTCHER.



AN OPEN-AIR "BAR," WITH BARMAINS SITTING ON THE GROUND: HAVING A DRINK IN ABYSSINIA, WHERE THERE IS NO PROHIBITION, BUT MEN DO NOT SMOKE.



PURVEYING AN ARTICLE IN VERY COMMON USE IN ABYSSINIA: A SUNSHADE MERCHANT AND HIS WARES.

Abyssinia is in the limelight just now through her protest to the League of Nations against the Anglo-Italian Agreement, as noted in connection with the illustrated article in our last number. These further photographs from the same source show typical scenes in the life of the capital, Addis Ababa. Describing her impressions of the place, Mrs. Rosita Forbes writes in her delightful travel book: "From Red Sea to Blue Nile" (Casell): "The life of the city radiates from the markets, where thousands and packed thousands—peasants, merchants, speared hillmen, men-at-arms, women on foot and on donkeys . . . are wedged into a human tapestry. . . . Africa is primitive, and below the surface smoulder the embers of an ancient violence, but here again Abyssinia is not Africa; for, like the smiles and the gestures of her people, her violence is gentle. The murderer may be hanged in public . . . but the Abyssinians hate taking life. Rather than kill a horse with a broken leg, they will let it linger in uselessness, while no one would think of destroying any of the hordes of dogs which act

as city scavengers and make the night unbearable with their insistent barking." Later, she describes how the butchers feed them. Of a country funeral procession she says: "The corpse, wrapped in a clean chamma, was carried by four men on a native bed. 'The country people do not like corpses,' said (the spearman who had attached himself to us), and they will never look on the face of one. It is covered before the last breath goes out of the body and buried swiftly in a hole just deep enough to keep the jackals away." Especially interesting is her description of Abyssinian women's hair-dressing: "The grown woman trains her hair into innumerable fine ridges running from forehead to nape, and the more skilled the dresser, the more tortured appears the skin between them. . . . It takes the whole day, from dawn to sunset, to achieve a masterpiece of the most fashionable kind. . . . The artist who performs this miracle with woolly fuzziness, generally in an extreme state of dirt, is paid a dollar for each dressing."

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXIII.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



By their expression the three Shoebills do not appear to take captivity seriously.

Apparently they have no regrets at leaving the old folks at home. "None at all," their bills seem to indicate.



Perils to life are immense on the White Nile. "Is Zat So?" is plainly writ on their countenances.



A hippopotamus passing by may have crushed the life out of their newly hatched brothers and sisters. "You don't say!" is all the concern they appear to manifest.

-or their grandmother may have been swallowed up by a crocodile!

(here we must admit that their expression became more animated on the arrival of the keeper with a bucket full of whiting for their meal).



"EXPENSIVE ITEMS!" THREE NEW SHOEBILLS (ARABIC, ABU MARKUB—FATHER OF A SHOE) FROM THE SUDAN.

"These are birds of distinction," writes Mr. Shepherd, "rare visitors at the 'Zoo.' The Shoebill is the sole representative of a distinct family with no connection whatever with any other group. Also, it is one of the few birds that the poets have ignored, perhaps because a considerable poetic license would be required to write a sonnet to a shoebill. They are costly birds—did not a woman visitor at the 'Zoo' exclaim—in answer to her young long family's

"What's this, mother?" "Oh, Shoe Bill, a very expensive item, these days." We heard this, and we are told that each of these 'Zoo' specimens is the equivalent in cash value of an up-to-date motor-car, accessories included. Some people would prefer a motor-car. At the moment shown in our last sketch, to mark their appreciation of the probable fate of their grandmother, they produced a clatter recalling a jazz band, with castanets and the rattle of bones.

THE RICH COLOUR OF BRAZIL: MOUNTAIN AND SEA NEAR RIO.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY MARIUS HUBERT-ROBERT.



EMERALD SEAS AND PURPLE HILLS: A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF BRAZILIAN COAST SCENERY—THE BEACH OF IPANEMA, NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO, SHOWING, IN THE BACKGROUND, THE ROCKY CRAG KNOWN AS THE TWO BROTHERS.



GORGEOUS COLOUR AMONG THE FOREST-CLAD MOUNTAINS AROUND RIO DE JANEIRO: DEEP BLUE SHADOWS ON THE SLOPES OF CORCOVADO, RISING TO A MAJESTIC PEAK, AND A RIOT OF LUXURIANT BLOSSOM AND VEGETATION.

Brazil is a land of wonderful colour, and its capital lies amid some of the grandest scenery in the world. To quote a French article, to which the above paintings formed illustrations: "The city of Rio and its surroundings are incomparable as a place of sojourn for all those who love the beauties of nature. . . . Nature, aided

by man, has wrought here a magnificent work of art." It is a region rich in flowers—wild and cultivated. "The orchid," we read, "might be called the national flower of Brazil. Its dazzling hues make splashes of colour against the dark background of verdure and the dense vegetation of the virgin forests."

MEDICINE-CASES LIKE VANITY-BAGS: OLD JAPANESE LACQUER.

By COURTESY OF THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. DESCRIPTION BY LIEUT.-COL. E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., LATE KEEPER OF THE DEPARTMENT OF WOODWORK.



FIG. 1. CARVED WITH A CHINESE SAGE: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY JAPANESE LACQUER MEDICINE-CASE. (4½ BY 3 IN.)



FIG. 2. WITH A CHINESE SAGE CROSSING A STREAM: A LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MEDICINE-CASE. (3 BY 1½ IN.)



FIG. 3. REPRESENTING CHINESE SAGES AND ATTENDANTS IN A GROVE: A LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MEDICINE-CASE. (3 BY 2½ IN.)



FIG. 4. DECORATED WITH A TREE-PEONY DESIGN: A MIDDLE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MEDICINE-CASE. (4 BY 3 IN.)

"For several centuries," writes Lieut.-Col. E. F. Strange, "until the national costume became debased with the introduction of the European style, every Japanese was in the habit of carrying his supply of medicines on his person in a miniature cabinet (*inro*), with compartments. It had running cords for suspension, and a sliding bead to keep them tight. At the end of the cords was a toggle (*netsuke*), which was passed upwards beneath the girdle and so supported the *inro*. On these articles the most ingenious and

exquisite craftsmanship was bestowed. Most are of lacquer. The examples we reproduce were all done in styles introduced from China. The first (Fig 1) dates from the early eighteenth-century, and is in carved wood heavily lacquered—a style called *Kamakura-bori*. The subject shows a Chinese sage with an attendant bearing a palm-leaf fan. The *netsuke*, in the form of Hotei, one of the Seven Gods of Good Fortune, is also a fine piece of work. The other three are examples of Japanese practice in carved red lacquer."

TREASURES FROM THE SITE OF THE OLD ROYAL STABLES AT ATHENS.

BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR PHILADELPHUS, DIRECTOR OF THE EXCAVATIONS. PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. GIANGOGLOU.



RESEMBLING THOSE ON THE ARCH OF HADRIAN, THE ROMAN EMPEROR WHO PARTLY REBUILT ATHENS: A CORINTHIAN CAPITAL DISCOVERED IN A REPAIRED PORTION OF THE ANCIENT CITY WALLS.



FOUND DURING THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF THE OLD ROYAL STABLES AT ATHENS, WHERE AN ANCIENT CEMETERY HAS BEEN DISCOVERED: MARBLE FUNERARY VASES CARVED IN RELIEF.



THE LATEST DISCOVERY ON THE SITE OF THE FORMER ROYAL STABLES AT ATHENS, OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT CITY WALLS: A STATUE OF A WOMAN, FROM WHICH THE HEAD AND ARMS HAD BEEN BROKEN OFF.



A MASTERPIECE OF GREEK SCULPTURE AND IN A WONDERFUL STATE OF PRESERVATION AFTER 2000 YEARS: A BEAUTIFUL DRAPED STATUE OF AN ATHENIAN WOMAN, LYING AS IT WAS FOUND, ALMOST INTACT, DURING EXCAVATIONS ON THE SITE OF THE OLD ROYAL STABLES AT ATHENS (HEIGHT, 6½ FEET).

Describing the remarkable discoveries at Athens during excavations of which he is in charge, Professor Philadelphus writes: "In clearing a great area at the Street of the Stadium, where formerly stood the royal stables, we have just brought to light a complete ancient cemetery, outside the city walls built by Themistocles. As the Spartans were then trying to prevent the fortification of Athens, every available material was used, even funerary pillars and pedestals of statues. Consequently we find there to-day fragments of beautiful sculpture. One object found is a Corinthian capital resembling those on the Arch of Hadrian. This indicates that the walls were probably repaired at this point in Roman

times, under that Emperor. The finest of the statues, which I excavated myself, represents a beautiful woman in exquisitely carved draperies, with a veil over the back of her head. It is some 6½ ft. high and almost intact, save for the left hand, part of the right, and the tip of the nose. It is of the best workmanship and in perfect preservation after 2000 years in the soil. The date is uncertain, as the statue has not yet been removed from the ground and set up on a pedestal. At the last moment (as I write) a second statue of a woman, of equal size but lacking head and arms, has just been discovered, and I enclose a photograph of this also." (Upper right illustration.)

THE "LAST GREAT BATTLE" OF THE TESTS:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND



A SAD MOMENT FOR AUSTRALIA: WOODFULL BOWLED BY RHODES—SHOWING STRUDWICK, ENGLAND'S WICKET-KEEPER (RIGHT), AND HENDREN (BACKGROUND).



THE FIFTH AND LAST OF THIS SEASON'S ENGLAND V. AUSTRALIA CRICKET TESTS, FOUGHT TO A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SCENE AT



A DANGEROUS AUSTRALIAN BATSMAN "NIPPED IN THE BUD" BY THE ENGLISH WICKET-KEEPER: STRUDWICK GLEEFULLY TOSSES UP THE BALL AFTER CATCHING BARDSELY FOR TWO.



AUSTRALIA AT THE WICKETS, WITH RHODES BOWLING TO RICHARDSON: (L. TO R.) BACKGROUND—RHODES (DELIVERING A BALL), LARWOOD, GEARY, AND HOBBS; FOREGROUND—



A BUSY TIME FOR THE GROUNDSMEN: TIDYING-UP AT THE OVAL AFTER THE CLOSE OF PLAY IN THE EVENING DURING THE TEST MATCH.



THE CROWD AT THE OVAL INDULGING IN HERO-WORSHIP: THE PAVILION WHEN STUMPS WERE DRAWN—TWO ENGLISH BATSMEN, HOBBS AND SUTCLIFFE, RUNNING THROUGH THE THRONG.

After the inconclusive results of the first four Test Matches this season, due to the vagaries of the English climate, public interest was keenly concentrated on the fifth and final match, which it was arranged to play out to a finish in order to decide the "rubber." The game was begun at Kennington Oval on Saturday, August 14, and continued in the ensuing week. Fortunately, the weather on this occasion proved more favourable, though a thunderstorm

THE FINAL FIGHT-TO-A-FINISH AT THE OVAL.

GENERAL, CENTRAL PRESS, AND C.N.



A FINISH TO DECIDE THE RUBBER, AFTER FOUR INCONCLUSIVE MATCHES SPOILT BY RAIN KENNINGTON OVAL—AUSTRALIA BATTING.



TATE, CHAPMAN (ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN), COLLINS (AUSTRALIA'S CAPTAIN, WITH BAT), UMPIRE, STEVENS, RICHARDSON (BATTING), STRUDWICK (KEEPING WICKET), AND WOOLLEY.



A SAD MOMENT FOR ENGLAND: HOBBS BOWLED BY A FULL-PITCH FROM MAILEY—SHOWING OLDFIELD, AUSTRALIA'S WICKET-KEEPER, AND GREGORY (LEFT).



SPECTATORS RUSHING TO SEE THE PLAYERS RETURNING TO A SIMILAR SCENE AS VIEWED FROM THE PAVILION AT CLOSE OF PLAY: PLAYERS COMING IN THROUGH A LANE OF SPECTATORS, AND OTHER ENTHUSIASTS RUSHING UP TO SEE THEM.



with heavy rain occurred during the night between the second and third days. It did not seriously affect the pitch. The third day of the match opened with a very interesting situation. While Australia was slightly ahead on the first innings, England began well with their second venture, and the promise of a hard-fought struggle was amply fulfilled.

PARIS "EMPTYING" AT ITS MOST CROWDED MOMENT! PARISIANS LEAVE THEIR CITY TO THE TOURISTS.

FROM THE PICTURE BY LÉON FAURET.



THE RUSH TO THE SEASIDE: HOLIDAY-TIME AT ONE OF THE BIG TERMINI IN THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Paris resembles London at this time of the year—though actually crowded with foreign visitors, it is technically "empty." No true Parisian stays at home during the month of August if he can help it, for the custom of a visit to the sea at this time of the year is as general among French

people as it is with English folk; but foreign visitors flock to Paris in order to do a little sightseeing on their way to various pleasure resorts, just as Americans and other tourists congregate in our capital.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is not often that I can claim personal acquaintance with writers whose books I review, particularly if they "belong to other nations," I being very much of a home bird; more particularly still if they are famous, for your home bird is not "of a feather" to flock with celebrities. This week, however, it does happen that a new novel delivered into my hands recalls a brief friendship—too brief from my point of view—that I was privileged to form with its genial author. But I refuse to regard Mr. Sinclair Lewis as belonging to another nation, since we both use the language of Shakespeare, albeit with certain local variations. I do not, of course, suggest any close resemblance between "Babbitt" and "Hamlet," nor that I review books as eloquently as Mark Antony buried Cæsar. What I mean is that Mr. Lewis and I both regard English as our mother tongue.

His new story, "MANTRAP" (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net), has further Anglo-American associations, for it crosses the frontier of the States into regions where the King's writ runs, and brings a pair of New Yorkers—a bachelor lawyer and a stocking merchant making holiday in the wilds of Northern Canada—into contact with several British colonial types at a remote trading post. Among them are a Hudson's Bay factor and his wife, a Church of England missionary, members of the Royal Mounted Police, and sundry innkeepers, fur-traders, and trappers, not to mention Canadian Indians. But the chief interest is in the friendship of the American lawyer, the cultivated and sensitive Ralph Prescott, with the hard-bitten but good-hearted trader, Joe Easter—a real "rough diamond"—and Joe's giddy young wife, Alverna, the erstwhile manicure girl of Minneapolis, who had captured him on one of his rare visits to civilisation. These three characters go to the construction of a "triangle," but the proposition is worked out on unconventional lines.

Sinclair Lewis has enlarged his boundaries; he has left the Middle West for the Far North. I should not be surprised if in some later book he should invade the Far East, and ultimately become cosmopolitan in his literary range, for he is much given to wandering over the face of the earth. "Mantrap" is not a novel with a purpose; it points no moral and indicts no abuses; it is a purely human story of character and adventure, and I for one found it very enjoyable. I liked especially the humour and raciness of the dialogue and the vivid impressions, conveyed without prolixity, of the vast northern spaces, with their lonely lakes and rivers, and the perils of rushing rapids and forest fires. There is also a dramatic strength in many of the scenes and situations that marks an advance, I should say, in the author's creative powers.

In reading the book I was naturally keen to note any points of contact with my recollection of the writer. There were not very many, for our meeting occurred in very different surroundings from those he here describes. It came about "by a set of curious chances." During one of my periodic changes of address, I needed a quiet spot to do some writing and bestow my books, and I obtained a temporary share in some chambers in the Temple. There I found, as a fellow-tenant, the author of "Mantrap," then engaged on his previous novel, "Martin Arrowsmith." I never pass a certain window in the Temple (a daily haunt of mine) without a mental vision of him sitting near it, busily typing, with a green shade over his eyes. The old Cock Tavern in Fleet Street likewise calls up pleasant memories of him in the character of host.

I was reminded of all these things while Ralph Prescott, voyaging in Joe Easter's canoe on the Mantrap River, was telling him about the sophisticated world. "London—Had Joe ever been abroad? Never? London! The library of the Inner Temple, turrets across ancient lawns. . . . Trafalgar Square on Armistice Day, with ten thousand people hypnotised into a unity of silence. . . . Side street shop-windows with the chocolate signs which are more English than Westminster. . . . The black oak fireplace at the Cock Tavern." After reading this passage, I sought out from among my treasures a photograph inscribed

"With the affection of Sinclair Lewis," and showing his tall, slim figure beside the colonnade at the end of Pump Court. Now, alas! it is all that remains to me of him.

A drawing of Pump Court, and a word-picture of an American girl, complete with guide-book, roaming the Temple Gardens, occur in a work that would bring her nearer than any guide can to the living heart of London—"THE LONDON YEAR": A Book of Many Moods, by H. V. Morton; decorated from a London Sketch Book by A. E. Horne (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net). The author describes, month by month, typical scenes and social events, in a chatty style, with many snatches of humorous dialogue. One of the best examples is a conversation between an Englishman and an American during a cricket match at Lord's. Both points of view are well expressed, especially the American's disappointment at the slowness of the game. As a shout goes up from the crowd, he says—

"Gee, what was that? I wasn't looking! Darn it all, I've sat here since I was ten with my eyes glued to those white pants and nothing's happened! Then the minute I look at a blamed butterfly they pull off the only stunt of the day. . . . I want like this damned game, but I just can't. I don't get it. A bunch of wise-looking guys sitting around making polite alfresco tea-party noises to a funeral party in white ducks! No, Sir, it's got me guessing."



SPECIALLY CONVENED TO INCORPORATE M. POINCARÉ'S SINKING FUND PROPOSALS IN THE CONSTITUTION: THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY AT VERSAILLES, WHICH ENDED IN A DISTURBANCE—THE PRESIDENT, M. DE SELVES, ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY.

The French National Assembly, convened in the Congress Hall at Versailles for the purpose of incorporating in the Constitution M. Poincaré's Sinking Fund proposals, concluded its sittings on August 13, when the Government Bill was passed by a majority of 547. The hostile votes were mainly those of 94 Socialists and 27 Communists present. There was a tumultuous scene at the final session after a tirade against the Government by M. Doriot, a leading Communist. The President put on his hat and suspended the sitting. When it was resumed, M. Doriot was expelled; for having "appealed to violence and civil war," and for having called the President a liar.—[Photograph by Rol.]

The American might be induced to guess again if he read the dictum of a famous "Cornstalk": "Nothing that ever came out of England has had such an influence on character and nation-building as this wonderful game of ours." Thus begins a book very apposite to recent events—"THE GAME'S THE THING," A Record of Cricket Experience; by M. A. Noble, ex-Captain of Australian Elevers; with special chapters on the genius of Victor Trumper and a foreword by Lord Harris; illustrated (Cassell; 6s. net). Both on the reminiscent and the technical sides this book is a notable addition to the literature of cricket.

How extensive that literature is may be realised from the great variety of sources—prose and verse—represented in an excellent anthology of the game, "BETWEEN THE WICKETS," compiled by Eric Parker (Philip Allan and Co.; 7s. 6d. net). Among the poets quoted are Byron, Calverley, Newbolt, Andrew Lang, and Norman Gale. Francis Thompson's cricket verses (given in part) have always appealed to me, for it was so unexpected to find the author of "The Hound of Heaven" writing such a line as—

O my Hornby and my Barlow long ago!

Less familiar is Cardinal Manning's quatrain thanking Charles Wordsworth for the gift of a bat.

If our national game is unintelligible to American visitors, there is another feature of this country which attracts them as much as it does the indigenous Briton—perhaps even more—and that is our relics of mediæval architecture. The romantic history of feudal strongholds

in the West of England and in

Wales is told in a fascinating volume entitled "CASTLES," by Sir Charles Oman, M.P., Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford, with 105 illustrations, 67 drawings, 5 plans, 2 coloured plates, and 2 maps (published by the Great Western Railway, Paddington Station; 5s. net).

The price is absurdly low considering the literary charm and unimpeachable authority of the book, combined with the beauty and abundance of the illustrations. The coloured frontispiece, reproduced from a manuscript that belonged to Edward IV., shows a siege of a castle in the fifteenth century. The other colour-plate reproduces the coats-of-arms of the seven families which have at different periods held Warwick Castle. The numerous full-page photographs are really exquisite. They incite me to board the next "Cornishman" at Paddington, "albeit considerations infinite do make against it," as Henry IV. said—considerations, in my case, mainly connected with the disagreeable necessity of earning a living. Otherwise, I should soon be on those grand cliffs of which the Cornish poet sings—

There stood Dundagel throned, and the great sea
Lay, a strong vassal, at his master's gate,

And, like a drunken giant,
sobbed in sleep.

In his chapter on Tintagel Castle, Sir Charles Oman says: "Modern historic opinion is inclined to accept the fact that an Arthur—Artorius—a Romano-British General or Prince, not a King of all Britain, really existed in the later years of the fifth century and the early decades of the sixth"; but he warns us against the "farrago of Celtic legends" disseminated by Geoffrey of Monmouth, which "falsified all early British history." This seems to rule out, historically speaking, all the Arthurian romances of modern poets, including Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, and William Morris.

I find another interesting reference to King Arthur in a new volume of the "ARCHÆOLOGICAL JOURNAL," Vol. LXXIX., Nos. 313-6. Second Series, Vol. XXIX. (published by the Royal Archaeological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland; £1 10s., or 7s. 6d. a part). The principal subjects dealt with are the excavations of Bardney Abbey, near Lincoln; Roman mausolea of the "cart-wheel" type; the chronology of the vaults of Durham Cathedral; the mechanism of early clocks and watches; and the effect of plagues on fourteenth-century glass-painting. Mr.

A. Hadrian Allcroft contributes six new chapters of his work, "The Circle and the Cross," and here occurs the allusion to Arthurian legend.

"Arthur," he writes, "was unquestionably a Brythonic hero, probably in particular a Cimbric hero, for the scenes of his chief activities are laid in Cumbria, in Cambria, and in Cornwall. It is arguable that his fabled empire is a faithful reflection of the actual distribution of the Cimbric peoples." What would Sir Charles Oman say to this? I know not whether it accords with his view; but anyhow, I venture to suggest, with all due respect to history and archaeology, that the Arthur of poetry will probably persist in maintaining his doubtful identity, though he be as fictitious as the characters of Sinclair Lewis. It is often the people who never existed that we really know best.

Having almost filled my space, I must postpone for fuller treatment certain other books upon my waiting list. There is archaeological interest, connected with the Elgin Marbles, in "THE LETTERS OF MARY NISBET OF DIRLETON, COUNTESS OF ELGIN," arranged by Lieutenant-Colonel Nisbet Hamilton Grant (Murray; 18s. net). Transatlantic literature of pre-Babbitt times is represented in two works—"EDGAR ALLAN POE," by Joseph W. Krutch (Knopf; 10s. 6d. net), and "THE MAUVE DECADE," by Thomas Beer (Knopf; 12s. 6d. net), dealing with American life in the nineties. On this side of the water, Major Fitzroy Gardner's "MORE REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD BOHEMIAN" (Hutchinson; 18s. net) covers that and other decades, before and since. I see no danger yet of being "gravelled for lack of matter."

C. E. B.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: ILLUSTRATIONS OF INTERESTING OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



CELEBRATING THE SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC: CROWDS IN BERLIN, ROUND THE STATUE OF BISMARCK, AND A MARCH-PAST OF THE REICHSWEHR BEFORE THE PRESIDENT.



THE HEAD OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS: PRESIDENT HINDENBURG DESCENDING THE STEPS OF THE REICHSTAG AT BERLIN TO INSPECT THE GUARD OF HONOUR.



SINCE ARRIVED AT MELBOURNE AFTER CROSSING AUSTRALIA: MR. ALAN COBHAM AT CALCUTTA DURING HIS GREAT FLIGHT—HIS SEAPLANE AT REST ON THE HOOGLY IN TOW OF A POLICE LAUNCH.



A GREAT ADVENTURE FOR A LONDON MOTOR-BUS: ONE OF THE NEW COVERED-TOP TYPE STARTING FROM THE DOCKS FOR AN EXHIBITION TOUR OF THE CONTINENT.

Berlin celebrated on August 11 the seventh anniversary of the adoption of the German Republican Constitution, by the National Assembly at Weimar, in 1919. After a ceremony in the Reichstag, President Hindenburg, accompanied by Herr Gessler, the Reichswehr Minister, came down the steps and inspected a guard of honour mounted by the Brunswick Reichswehr.—Mr. Alan Cobham recently completed the outward portion of his great flight to Australia and back, by reaching Melbourne on August 15. Our photograph illustrates his arrival at Calcutta, *en route* for Australia, on July 23. His seaplane, which alighted on the Hooghly, is seen in tow of a police launch.—A London motor-bus, with the



A REMARKABLE FIREWORKS EFFECT: THE CAMPANILE AT NAPLES SHOWN "IN FLAMES" DURING THE FESTIVAL OF THE MADONNA DEL CARMINE.

now familiar covered top, recently started for the Continent on a commercial "mission" to demonstrate its superiority and the quality of British motor vehicles, and to promote British trade in general. The bus used is an Associated Equipment Company model known as the N.S. type. Its itinerary includes Hamburg, Berlin, Leipzig, Passau, Vienna, and Győr. The first stage of its journey was from the Associated Daimler Company's Works at Walthamstow to Samuda Wharf, where it was hoisted aboard a barge to be taken to the S.S. "Amsel."—At Naples the popular festival of the Madonna del Carmine, held recently, concluded with a magnificent display of fireworks.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., VANDYK, SWAINE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, RUSSELL, TOPICAL, P. AND A., PALMER CLARK (CAMBRIDGE), WHITLOCK, AND PHOTOPRESS.



A RUSSIAN SOVIET LEADER
DISMISSED: M. KAMENEFF,
COMMISSAR OF TRADE.



AN ANGLICISED INDIAN:
THE LATE PRINCE FREDERICK
DULEEP SINGH.



THE NEWLY APPOINTED
GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS:
SIR RONALD STORRS.



THE NEW MUSICAL DIRECTOR
AT "2LO": MR. JOHN
ANSSELL.



A PEER'S SUDDEN DEATH
IN THE STREET: THE LATE
LORD ELDON.



ENGLAND'S NEW CRICKET TEST CAPTAIN WINS THE
TOSS WITH A SOVEREIGN: MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN
(LEFT) AND MR. H. L. COLLINS (AUSTRALIAN CAPTAIN)



RECENTLY RECALLED FROM HOLIDAY TO SOFIA
ON IMPORTANT NATIONAL AFFAIRS: KING BORIS
OF BULGARIA.



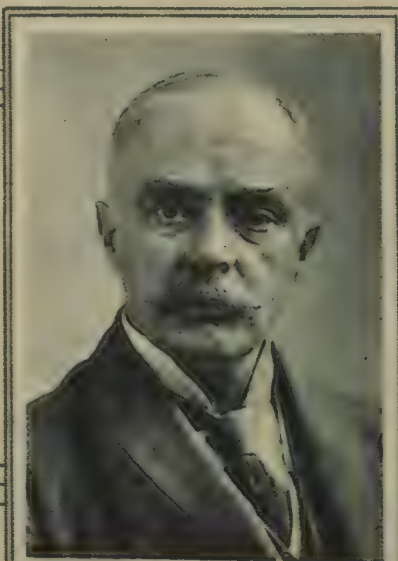
THE CHANNEL HEROINE GREETS HER GERMAN
GRANDMOTHER: MISS GERTRUDE EDERLE, AND HER
FATHER, AT BISSINGEN.



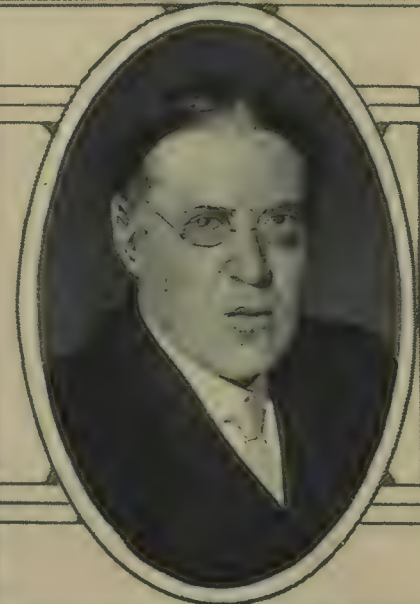
ENGAGED TO MISS M. HULTON:
SIR GERALD STRICKLAND, M.P.,
A COUNT OF MALTA.



AN EMINENT CAMBRIDGE SCHOLAR:
THE LATE SIR WILLIAM RIDGEWAY,
PROFESSOR OF ARCHÆOLOGY.



A MARTYR OF SCIENCE: THE
LATE DR. J. F. HALL-EDWARDS,
A DISTINGUISHED X-RAY PIONEER.



APPOINTED TO THE REVIVED OFFICE
OF SECRETARY TO THE BRITISH
MUSEUM: MR. ARUNDEL ESDAILE.

Prince Frederick Duleep Singh was a son of a Maharajah who was deposed in 1849 and settled in Suffolk. Prince Frederick lived as an English country gentleman.—Sir Ronald Storrs has been Governor of Jerusalem (latterly District Commissioner) since 1917.—Mr. John Ansell succeeds Mr. Dan Godfrey as London Musical Director of British Broadcasting.—King Boris of Bulgaria was summoned from a holiday in Czecho-Slovakia to deal with a Joint Note from Yugo-Slavia, Rumania, and Greece.—Miss Gertrude Ederle, who swam the Channel, had a great reception in Germany when she visited her grandmother, innkeeper

at Bissingen, near Stuttgart.—Sir Georgé Strickland, who is to marry the late Sir Edward Hulton's sister, is a member of two Parliaments—those of Britain and Malta, where he is Count Della Catena.—Sir William Ridgeway had been Disney Professor of Archæology at Cambridge since 1892.—Dr. J. F. Hall-Edwards, of Birmingham General Hospital, was a heroic pioneer radiologist who had suffered from X-ray burns for over twenty years.—The office of Secretary to the British Museum, to which Mr. Arundel Esdaile has been appointed, had, since 1851, been combined with that of Principal Librarian.



THE SPIRIT OF SPORT

The call of the chase finds an echo in the hearts of all sportsmen. For it brings a happy stimulation that little else equals in life. Health and hunting go together and so does health and

DEWAR'S

Say Mobiloil first

REGD TRADE MARK.

WHEN you buy oil the importance of the transaction bears no relation to the amount of money involved. Buy the right oil and you protect yourself against mechanical failure, and cut down depreciation losses. Buy "any old oil" and you lay yourself open to grave risks of damage to the vital parts of your engine and transmission.

Why run these risks—when one word from you will definitely rule them out? That word is Mobiloil. "A," "B," or "BB" is not enough. Say Mobiloil first, and then you are assured of permanently correct lubrication.

HOW TO BUY

Mobiloil is extensively substituted. For your protection Mobiloil is sold in sealed packages; for your home garage in the five or ten-gallon Mobiloil tap drum or four-gallon can (the most economical way of buying); for touring and emergencies, in the round quart can sold by dealers everywhere at practically the price of loose oil.



On the Road

The handy round sealed can containing one Imperial quart.

For the Home Garage

A 10 or 5-gallon Mobiloil Tap Drum or 4-gallon can.

Hundreds of motor manufacturers the world over endorse the use of Mobiloil—convincing testimony to its quality and reliability.

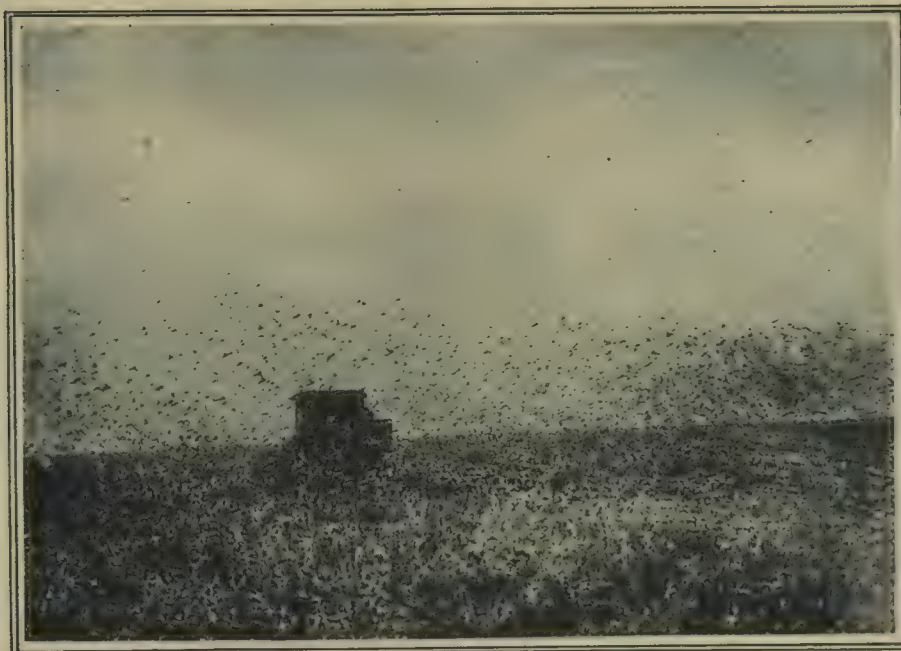
VACUUM OIL COMPANY LTD



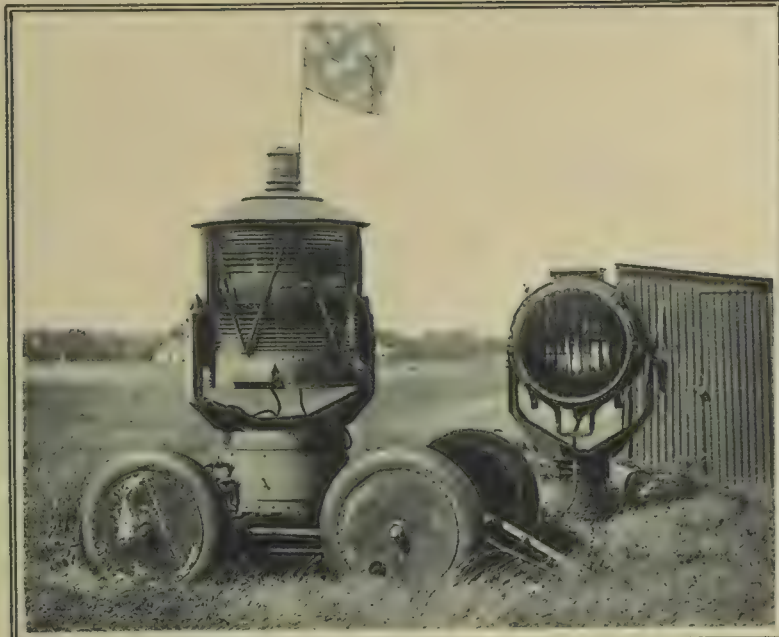
CAXTON HOUSE, LONDON S.W.1

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

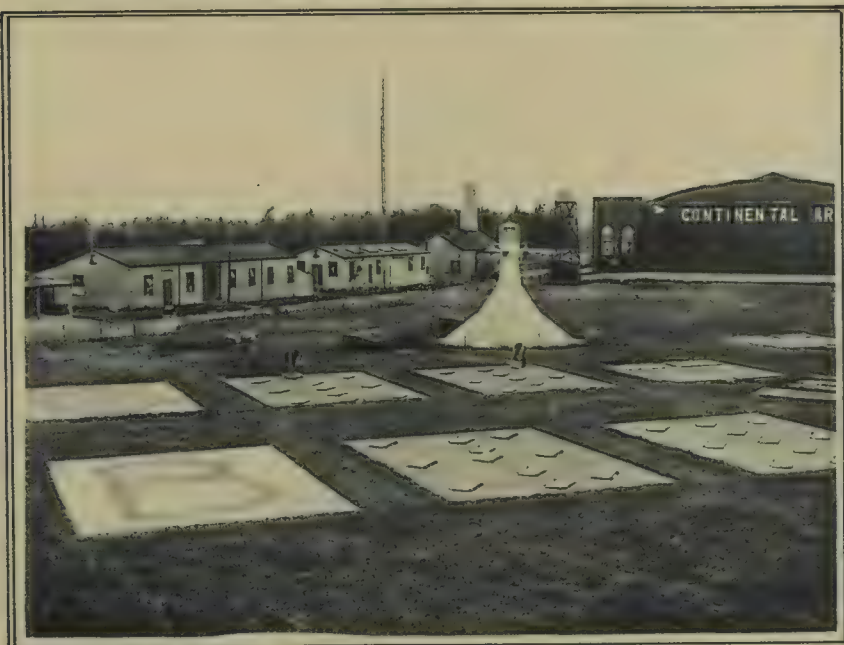
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRESS CLICHÉ PHOTO. DEPARTMENT, MOSCOW; FOX PHOTOS; L.N.A., AND C.N.



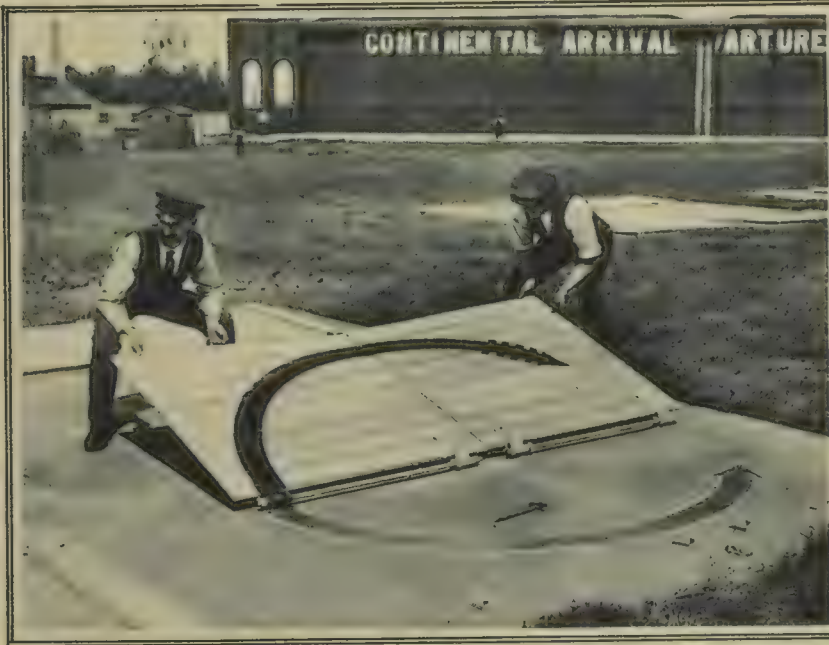
A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA: A MOTOR-CAR IN THE FIELDS AT ROSTOFF, ON THE DON, ALMOST HIDDEN BY ENORMOUS SWARMS OF THE INSECTS.



A LIGHTHOUSE ON WHEELS: A NEW FLOODLIGHT FOR GUIDING AIRMEN AT NIGHT AT CROYDON AERODROME, WITH A FLAG TO SHOW DIRECTION OF WIND.



GROUND-SIGNALS LIKE PLAYING-CARDS, AT LYMPNE AERODROME: A NEW SYSTEM OF GIVING LONDON-PARIS AIRMEN WEATHER INFORMATION WHILE THEY ARE IN FLIGHT (C, CROYDON; B, BIGGIN HILL).



HINGED SO THAT IT CAN BE SHUT WHEN NOT REQUIRED: A "SPOT" ON A "CARD"—THE SIGN REPRESENTING "GALES AHEAD"—BEING DISPLAYED TO AIRMEN IN FLIGHT AT LYMPNE AERODROME.



WHERE THE INVALID LORD BLYTH WAS LOWERED ON A ROPE BY HIS NEPHEW, AND OTHER OCCUPANTS HAD NARROW ESCAPES BY ROPES AND LADDERS: BLYTHWOOD AFTER THE FIRE.



COMPLETELY GUTTED INSIDE, WITH MOST OF THE FURNITURE AND PICTURES: BLYTHWOOD AFTER THE FIRE—A VIEW THROUGH THE ENTRANCE HALL.

In some parts of the world, as in southern Russia, locusts are as destructive as they were in Egypt in the days of Moses. We have at various times illustrated similar plagues in Italy, Palestine, and South Africa.—Several new devices for guiding airmen have been installed on the London-Paris air route. At Croydon a new type of lighthouse lantern on wheels, called a floodlight, gives bearings to airmen landing at night. It has a central beam like a searchlight, along which the pilot descends, and a wider, less intensive beam surrounding it. The machine is shifted according to the direction of the wind ascertained by the dived flag on top. The new ground-signals for weather warnings resemble huge playing-cards,

with the spots made of boards hinged so that they can be opened or shut as required. In the left-hand photograph the cards show in turn the height of clouds, height of the lowest cloud, and weather ahead.—Exciting rescues occurred during the fire at Blythwood, the house of Lord Blyth at Stansted, near Bishop's Stortford, in the early hours of August 11. When it was discovered, about 2 a.m., by the butler and footman, who slept in the basement, the staircase (the only means of exit) was in flames. Lord Blyth, who is an invalid, was lowered on a rope by his nephew and heir, Mr. Ian Blyth; and five women servants were saved with difficulty from the upper floors by ropes and ladders.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

DARWINISM TO-DAY, AND SOME PROBLEMS OF EVOLUTION.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

HOW many times during the last few years have we been gravely assured that "Darwinism is dead"? Those who adopt this slogan never seem to worry about the possibility of premature burial, and they are quite unable to give the necessary death certificate before the burial can be proceeded with. The explanation of this deplorable attitude is obvious enough. It is rooted in fear, because, somehow, the Evolution theory is supposed to introduce into men's minds some subtle poison which must inevitably result in their moral and spiritual ruin. Hence "Darwinism" must be discredited.

Those of us who have some first-hand knowledge of the underlying facts on which the evolution theory is founded deplore the travesty of this theory which is always presented to the uninitiated; yet we can do so little to place the facts in their true perspective. And this because the layman cannot, of necessity, properly appreciate the nature of the evidence on which that theory is based. No more striking illustration of this fact can be found than that furnished by the address of the late Lord Salisbury, who occupied the Presidential chair at the Oxford meeting of the British Association in 1894. It is not that the layman is inherently incapable of understanding, so much as that he is unable to devote years of intensive study to the subject. His experiences belong to another "Universe of Discourse." Yet every one of us should have at least some first-hand knowledge of living things, be they plants or animals; and in proportion as that knowledge increases so will a new and more wonderful and more beautiful world reveal itself.

We are constantly told that the weakness of the evolution theory is manifest, if only because the high priests of science are always contradicting one another! But they, too, are seekers after truth; and the material they are called upon to examine is capable of many interpretations. Living tissues are not as amenable to experiment as is the matter which forms the subject of investigation by the chemist and the physicist. The possibilities and difficulties of interpretation, where the facts were not in dispute, were well illustrated during the address which opened the proceedings of the Zoological Section at the meeting of the British Association last week, when Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, one of America's foremost palæontologists, set forth his views on the present position of "Darwinism." I can give no more than a bare outline of his views; but if I can help to show what he was "driving at" I shall have achieved some success at least. His thesis was that "the problem of the Origin of Species in 1926 is absolutely different from what it was in 1859, and this because of the vast harvest of fact which has been garnered during these sixty-seven years."

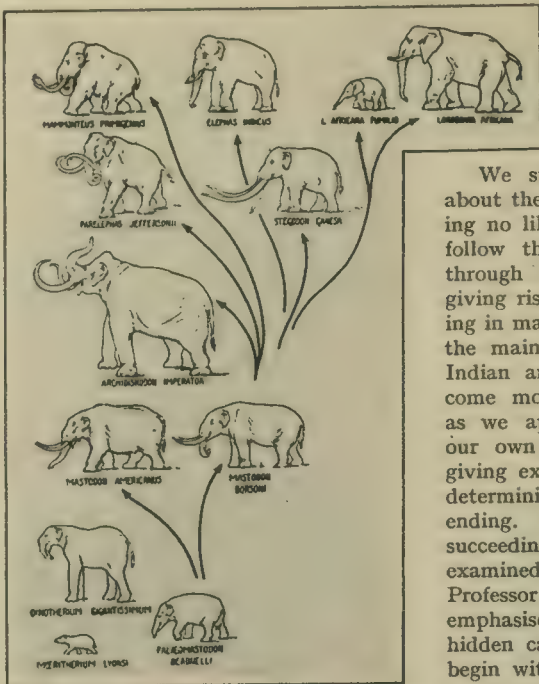
In Darwin's day, he pointed out, no more than 1200 species of mammals were known to science; the number now has risen to 12,500. And the same immense increase is true in regard to extinct species. Between what were isolated groups of animals we

now have an almost perfect sequence of forms, passing gradually from one to another. It may be said, he holds, that the *modes* of the origin of species are now well known; while the *causes* of the origin of species are even more obscure than in Darwin's day. He cited by way of illustration the case of the evolution

of the elephant, among others. The trend of his meaning, at least, will be appreciable from a glance at the adjoining "tree of descent" of the modern elephant, recently set forth by Professor Osborn himself.

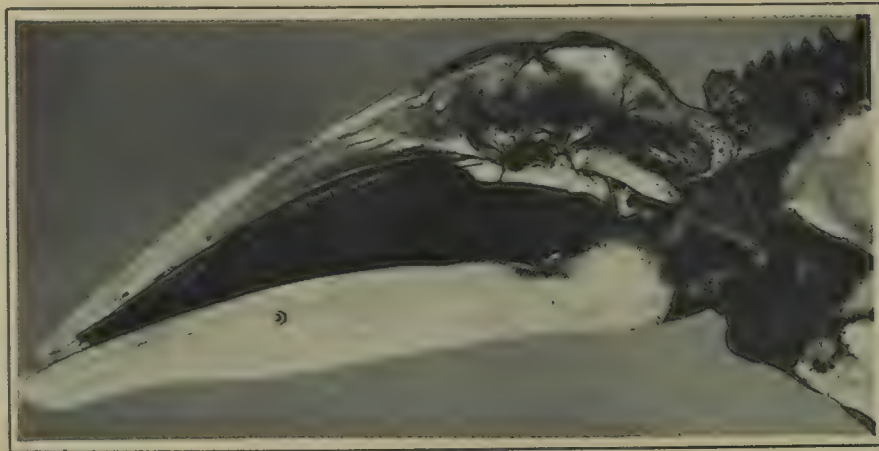
We start with a small animal of about the size of a large pig, and bearing no likeness to an elephant. As we follow the history of its descendants through the ages, we find the tree giving rise to lateral branches terminating in many extinct lines of descent, but the main stem ending in the modern Indian and African species. They become more and more "elephantine" as we approach nearer and nearer to our own times, as though they were giving expression to some inherent pre-determining cause with an inevitable ending. When, however, these several succeeding forms come to be closely examined, one feels, somehow, that Professor Osborn has a little over-emphasised his statement as to the hidden causes for these changes. They begin with a small animal which evidently lived upon roots, which were not dug up, pig fashion, by the aid of a leathery snout, but by means of a pair of chisel-like teeth projecting from the end of the lower jaw, aided by a similar pair in the upper jaw. The creature had to dig for its daily bread. "Use" enlarged the digging lower teeth and their supporting sockets, and as these lengthened the upper lip became drawn out into a prehensile snout. This at

last attained sufficient length to enable the animal to twist off herbage and convey it to the mouth. Whether choice or necessity brought about this change in the diet, the persistent use of the incipient trunk increased its size, while the decline in its digging activities reduced the length of the lower jaw, so that at last it shortened up, till now no more remains than is sufficient to hold the enormous grinders, serving the purpose of mill-stones. With the lengthening of the trunk the upper tusks were brought into use for uprooting trees, to get at their fruit. Hence their enormous increase in size.



INCLUDING EXTINCT FORMS UNKNOWN TO DARWIN: STAGES IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE ELEPHANT.

According to the late Dr. Andrews, the evolution of the elephant began with the little *Mærotherium* (bottom, left), and passed on to *Palæomastodon*. Professor Osborn, however, holds that we must begin with *Palæomastodon*. But, be this as it may, the evidence of a gradual evolution is unquestionable.—[After Professor Osborn.]



ONE OF THE MYSTERIES AS TO THE CAUSES OF EVOLUTION: THE EXTRAORDINARY BALEEN (WHALEBONE) IN A GREY-WHALE'S SKULL.

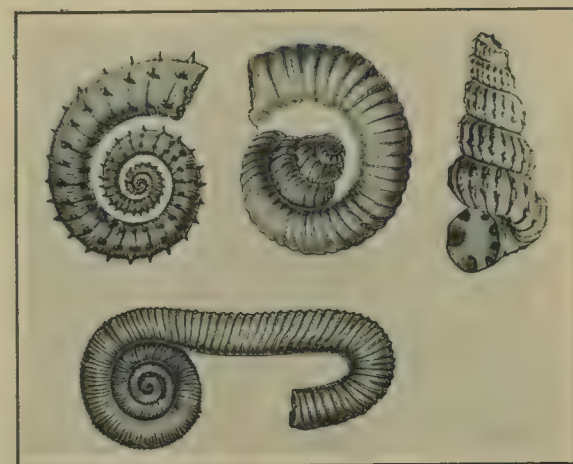
The origin of baleen, or "whalebone," such as that seen hanging from the upper jaw of the skull of the rare Grey-whale, is at present mysterious. This well illustrates Professor Osborn's contention as to our ignorance of the *causes* of evolution.

Professor Osborn, in the course of a long and strenuous life spent in the study of fossil reptiles and mammals, has produced an astonishing array of instances of this kind. The story of the elephant was due, in the first instance, one likes to remember, to

the late Dr. C. W. Andrews, of the British Museum, after his discovery of *Mærotherium* in the Fayum. Darwin would have rejoiced at evidence such as it has been the good fortune of Professor Osborn to accumulate, for in Darwin's time the elephant stood, so to speak, on an isolated peak; we could not even guess at the probable likeness of its ancestors.

We are much in the same position to-day in regard to the early history of the whales and porpoises. For between the earliest known fossils and the present-day forms there is a hopeless gap. Why have some species such a formidable array of teeth, and others none? In no case, after one or two fossils, can we distinguish different kinds of teeth—incisors, canines, and grinders: all alike are "peg-shaped." But more than this. Whence came that extraordinary structure known as "baleen," or "whalebone"? We have, as yet, not the slightest clue. And, to add to the mystery, we know that the "whalebone whales" had a large number of teeth, for they are found to this day in the jaws of every embryo of this type; but before birth every one vanishes.

We are faced with another insoluble problem in the ammonites. These once swarmed in the seas all



AN UNSOLVED PROBLEM OF EVOLUTION: SPECIMENS OF THE EXTINCT AMMONITES, WITH INEXPLICABLE VARIATIONS IN COILING.

The Ammonites, just before their final extinction, began to uncoil their shells, thus evolving new types, which included a perfectly straight, rod-shaped species. The central upper figure, and that to the right, show two stages in the evolution of an ascending spiral from a flat, coiled shell, wherein the coils were closely apposed.

over the world. But before they finally disappeared their strangely wrought and closely coiled shells began to uncoil. Various stages are exhibited in the above photograph, wherein two new types appear. One of these as it uncoiled began to coil again, and this time in an ascending spiral; the final stage resulted in a shell like (shall we say?) an elongated whelk-shell. The other type ended in a perfectly rod-shaped shell. Here, again, we have no sort of clue as to the "causes" at work, though we have evidence enough of "evolution," albeit rather in an apparently retrograde direction.

It cannot be denied that Darwin's conception of evolution as the gradual transformation of plants and animals through succeeding generations, as a response to the demands of the "struggle for existence," has been abundantly justified. The precise character of the "causes" is at present too elusive to be formulated, but we need not despair, because at present we can but see "through a glass darkly." Though we now grope in the dark, the light will come.

Even the gibes of the uninformed are helpful, if only because of the incentive to increase our endeavours to justify the faith that is in us—a faith which is built on solid facts, but not always capable of expression in terms such as will come within the grasp of the multitude.

ALL FOR ABDULLAS



LOOT.

Ah, where did charming Vashti learn to loot
In frocks and furs so fashionably cute?
With perfect poise she aims to "make a hit"
And never fails to "get away with it."
Poor Archibald, who lacks all sense of fun,
Peers wildly down the muzzle of a "gun."

His store-teeth rattle loudly in his head—
'Twere far more merciful to shoot him dead!
The heartless siren gathers to her breast
Each fragrant casket of Abdulla's Best,
And gaily flits away into the blue
Despite his anguished whimper—"Take me too"!

—F. R. HOLMES.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIA

Fashions & Fancies

HOW THE BRIGAND, THE BRETON SAILOR, AND THE VALENTINO ARE A FAMOUS TRIANGLE IN THE COMPLICATED STORY OF OUR NEW AUTUMN HATS; AND, BY WAY OF CHANGE, HERE ARE SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MODEL HOUSEWIFE.



Very practical and hygienic is this Frigidaire cabinet, which keeps the food always at a temperature well below the safety point. It is entirely automatic, the electric motor turning on and off as the temperature requires.

Original Hats Lately Arrived in London.

Do you prefer a Brigand, a Breton Sailor, or a Valentino? This somewhat surprising question will soon become quite an everyday occurrence. Let me hasten to dispel any possible illusion, and say at once that these are all new hats christened in a romantic manner. They are rather of the same genre in style, but with a subtle difference which justifies their names. The "Valentino," naturally, is a dashing affair, very wide-brimmed, with a tall, straight crown, worn with a slight exotic tilt. Velvet and panne are often chosen as the means of expression, and one or two of the most advanced have a chin-strap to add to the Spanish atmosphere. The "Breton Sailor" is of a quieter disposition. The brim and crown are a little smaller, and it may be worn in country as well as in town. Speckled felt christened "Eclabuse," and velours in new colours

The Two-Piece Suit—with a Difference.

In the history of the two-piece suit there have been two phases—first, the dress and coat of one material; then the dress of silk and the coat of repp or satin lined to match the frock. In the new two-piece models, however, each portion is far more independent of the other. Colours and materials are often quite different, with perhaps a suggestion of harmony in the trimming alone. One model, for instance, has a frock of bright green silk serge with a narrow piping of black ribbon, while the coat is black face-cloth trimmed with fur. Face-cloth is a favourite material for the coats, and frocks are of the new silk serge, a wonderfully supple material which tailors admirably. In many of these there is certainly the indication of a waist-line, but, as though apologising for its temerity, it is introduced at the front or back only. On the whole, the backs are straight again, like the pillar-box dresses of two years ago, while in front appear small belts in a jumper-suit effect. So far, skirts seem to be as short as ever, but only the coming dress shows can prove whether this is a definitely established law.

Tweed Jumper Suits for the Moors.

The newest tweeds are so soft and supple in texture that they seem like silk compared with the old-fashioned heavy material usually associated with the name. At Jay's, Regent Street, W., there are delightful suits for the moors, made of this fine tweed, introducing the jumper coat buttoning right up to the neck, which can be worn with or without a blouse. They are 10½ guineas, and for a similar amount can be obtained perfectly tailored coats and skirts of real Scotch tweeds from across the Border. Many distinctive patterns are available, woven in soft colourings. Then there are pretty jumper suits in a sports cloth of the "flannel" variety, with bordered facings, available for 7½ guineas; and 9½ guineas is the price of a fascinating three-piece affair of alpaca wool with a multi-coloured striped skirt, a waistcoat in blended shades of mauve and red, and a plain cardigan in the predominating colour.

A Simple Method of Preserving Food.

Practical experience has proved the invaluable advantages, both hygienic and convenient, gained by the method of preserving food by electrical refrigeration. Equipped with every

improvement in this respect is the Frigidaire cabinet, of which one is pictured on the left of this page. Inside the lower doors is the electrical motor which keeps the temperature of the air in the safe at a point several degrees lower than that at which no germs can live. And this is achieved by dry cold, which is an obvious improvement over damp, melting ice. The motor automatically ceases work when the air is cold enough, and begins again at any raising of the temperature caused, perhaps, by opening the door or placing inside a warm joint. Consequently, the minimum current is used, turning on and off at just the right moment without any human attention. Even during a heat wave the running of it costs only threepence or fourpence a day. At the same time, on the small trays at the left-hand side are cubes of ice, made automatically from pure



A holiday treat which all kiddies love is the present of a large box of Maison Lyons chocolates, which, as everyone has surely proved, are always perfectly delicious.

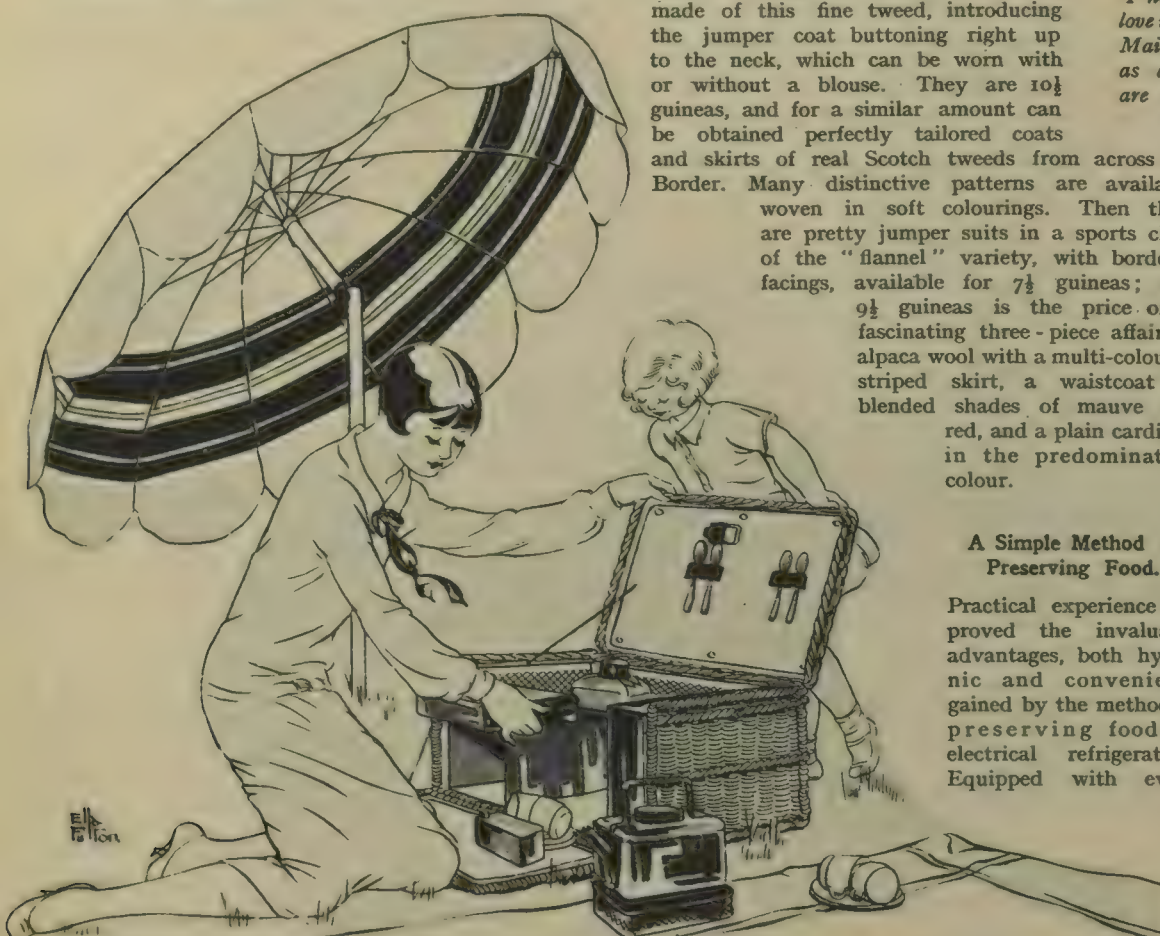
drinking water, so that they may be used for desserts or drinks. However small or large the household may be, a Frigidaire cabinet proves invaluable, and especially where there are children who would suffer if the food were not absolutely fresh both in winter or summer. Full particulars may be obtained on application to Frigidaire, Delco-Light Company, Imperial House, Kingsway, W.C., or a personal visit there will show a convincing test of the machine in action.

For Holiday Picnics.

A good picnic basket is an investment every motorist should make, for it will last for years and will ensure comfort always. A large choice of compact, well-constructed picnic equipment is to be found at Mappin and Webb's, 158, Oxford Street, W. The tea-basket on the left, for instance, contains kettle and stove, tea-infuser, cups and saucers, spoons, canisters, etc., and is available for £3 15s. for two people; while a luncheon-basket, with stainless steel cutlery and plated fittings, is £4 15s. Then there are light refreshment cases of solid leather, containing a Thermos flask and plated sandwich-box, for £2 15s. An illustrated catalogue devoted to these accessories will be sent to all readers on request.

Chocolates with a Reputation.

Holiday time for the kiddies is the season when they clamour for sweets, and their delight is unbounded when they are given Maison Lyons Chocolates, which are famous for their delicious flavours. There is infinite variety in their centres, and they are nourishing as well as being luxuries. Another important point in their favour is that they cost only 4s. a lb., and are obtainable practically everywhere.



Fitted with every luxury for a comfortable picnic is this compact tea-basket from Mappin and Webb's, 158, Oxford Street, W. It is obtainable for two or four persons, and ensures that nothing is ever forgotten.

FAMOUS SPORTING CLUBS OF THE WORLD



*Up the Banking at Brooklands
(inset—the Club Pavilion).*

BROOKLANDS AUTOMOBILE RACING CLUB.

At least one visit to Brooklands should be included in the education of every motorist. It is an inspiring spectacle to stand and watch the competing cars for the first time on the edge of that saucer-like strip of concrete which is set so picturesquely in the pine-clad Surrey hills. Here is motoring without restraint—where the wings of speed can be fearlessly outspread.

When the late Mr. Locke King built the track in 1906 he did a service to a fine British industry which it can never sufficiently repay. Motor racing has played a splendid part in the development of the British Motor car. It is at Brooklands that new designs, new types and improvements are put to the test. The strenuous conditions of a race probe every part for faults and flaws. Racing has improved the "breed"—that every motorist will admit. A motor race to-day, apart from all this, is a sporting event of wide appeal. It attracts to Brooklands a gay crowd of motorists, who take the keenest interest in every detail.

The B.A.R.C. itself is a club of enthusiasts, of intrepid racing drivers and practical engineers—who have made that three miles of track at Brooklands a power in motoring circles the world over.



By Appointment.

John Haig

THE FATHER OF ALL SCOTCH WHISKIES
ESTABLISHED 1627

Since 1627 the Clubman's Whisky, chosen for its unswervingly high standard of quality, has been John Haig.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE QUEEN'S stay at Goldsborough Hall was not a long one. Her Majesty was doubtless anxious to get to Balmoral for its rest and bracing breezes. The King, after shooting in Yorkshire with the Duke

of Devonshire, and in Lancashire with the Earl of Sefton, will join her Majesty. It is some years since the King has shot with Lord Sefton, who is a charming host. Viscount Molyneux has been an A.D.C. since 1919. His younger and only brother was in the Navy, and was killed in the action at Jutland in 1916; a year later the only daughter, Lady Evelyn Molyneux, died. The Countess of Sefton is well

known as a hostess and sportswoman. The King's visit to Abbeystead, their place in Lancashire, was a great pleasure to her. She is a sister of the Earl of Bradford, and their mother is extra Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. Lady Sefton is a good shot and a fine horsewoman. Lord Sefton suffered from neuritis in the arm for a long time, but at Goodwood he had discarded his sling and was using his hand normally. He is, on his mother's side, a relative of Lord Hylton, and he succeeded two brothers in the family honours. His younger and only surviving brother, Major the Hon. Richard Molyneux, is a Groom-in-Waiting to the King.



FORMERLY MISS ANGELA TOLLE-
MACHE: LADY BELPER.
Photograph by Hay Wrightson.

Hostesses for the Scottish season are already installed in their various houses and lodges and residences. Lady Lovat will be at Beaufort Castle, Beaulieu, where there will be house parties during the season. The Castle is a fine pile, situated near the

Beaulieu River, in which the salmon-fishing is excellent. Lord Lovat lets out some of his further afield moors, but keeps those near the Castle and the best of the salmon-fishing for himself and his guests. Lady Lovat is a niece of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. On the death of her father last year the Barony of Ribblesdale became extinct. Her sisters are the Hon. Lady Wilson and the Countess of Westmorland. The Scottish Barony of Lovat dates from 1458. The Frasers, of which clan Lord Lovat is head, have adhered, so far as its heads



CHÂTELAINE OF BEAUFORT
CASTLE, BEAULIEU: LADY
LOVAT.
Camera Portrait by Bertram Park.



ENTERTAINING IN SCOTLAND:
VISCOUNTESS DEVONPORT.
Photograph by J. Russell and Sons.

are concerned, to the old Roman Catholic faith. Lord Lovat fought in the South African War, for which he raised Lovat's Scouts, and in the Great War. He has been several times mentioned in despatches, and has the D.S.O. His son, the Master of Lovat, is in his sixteenth year; there is a younger son, the Hon. Hugh Fraser, and one daughter, the Hon. Magdalene Fraser. Lady Lovat is tall and graceful, and is well known in London, where she entertains in her house in Upper Grosvenor Street, and where she is interested in good works.

Lady Belper will entertain off and on through the season at Kingie, where Lord Belper has rented the deer forest from Lochiel. It is a good one, which should afford from thirty to forty stags and fine salmon-fishing on the upper Garry and Loch Quoich. Lady Belper is the younger daughter of the Hon. Douglas and Mrs. Tollemache, of The Moat, Ipswich. She is Lord Belper's second wife. She has a son who was two years old in June.

Viscountess Devonport will be hostess at Kinloch Amubree, which gives good bags of grouse, and fishing in the River Braan and lochs on the 5000 acres of moors. Lord and Lady Devonport have two sons and a daughter, whose young friends are always welcome guests. Later on, Lord Devonport has some good partridge and pheasant shooting at Gatton Park, with Sir Jeremiah Colman.

The past season was remarkable for its dearth of important weddings. Many matrimonial events took place, but those of first-rate importance were very few, and of those some took place out of town, including the marriage of Lord Leslie. That of the Hon. Gilbert and Mrs. Hay was the most important, and was celebrated at the end of July. What the reason for

this lack of marriages among the high aristocracy was it would be difficult to say—certainly no dearth of highly eligible young men. Possibly the autumn may have many engagements. One already announced is of the Master of Falkland, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Falkland, to Miss Joan Sylvia Southey. The bride-elect is a sportswoman devoted to outdoor life and animals. She is a daughter

[Continued overleaf.]



ENGAGED TO THE MASTER OF
FALKLAND: MISS JOAN SOUTHEY.
Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



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take your stories, "with
a grain of salt" but let
the salt be

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Supplied to the House of Lords.

Coolness in a cigarette
comes of quality. You can only
make a cool-smoking cigarette
out of the best tobacco. Greys
smoke so cool because they are
made of *100 per cent. pure Virginia*,
faultlessly filled. To the smoker
this means coolness, and coolness
means a mellow smoothness
for the tongue and throat
and an exquisite flavour
for the palate.

Test every
cigarette
by cool-
ness.

TEST
Greys



THE

GREYS

10 for 6d

How very cool!

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(Continued.)

of Captain and Mrs. C. B. Southey, and a niece of Lady Newborough. She was presented this year with the latter's only child, the Hon. Stella Wynn, and since then has gone about with her. The Falkland peerage is an old one, dating from 1620, the present holder of the title being the thirteenth Viscount. The family played an important part in the Civil War; the second Viscount was the famous Cavalier who was Secretary of State for a time to Charles I., and fell at Newbury. The Master is in his twenty-first year, having come of age last January. Miss Southey went with Lord and Lady Newborough and the Hon. Stella Wynn by air to Brussels, where they had tea, returning to London for dinner, having lunched at Ostend. In spite of the youth of the pair, the wedding will, I believe, be an autumn one. Miss Southey is very pretty and a great favourite, being very natural and happy-natured, and not one of the ultra-modern girls.

Lady Sinclair, wife of Sir Archibald Sinclair, will be at Dalnawillan Altnabreac for shooting. Thurso Castle, Sir Archibald's family seat close to the sea, is let. He is Member for Caithness and Sutherland, and prior to the shooting season made a round of a large part of his constituency, accompanied by his very attractive wife, who is a cousin of the Duke of Sutherland, her mother being the only surviving sister of Lady Millicent Hawes. Sir Archibald served in the Great War, and has been secretary to the Secretaries of State for War and for the Colonies.

Lady Findlay will be with Sir John at Aberlour, his own seat, where there will be entertaining for the season. They have three sons, all good sportsmen, although the youngest is only sixteen. The only unmarried daughter is Miss Elizabeth Findlay; the married daughter is Lady Lucas Tooth, the pretty young wife of our youngest Member of Parliament, who had a Baronetcy specially created for him. His three cousins having been killed in the war, the first baronetcy became extinct, and the new one was conferred on the son of their eldest sister. A. E. L.

THE CRYSTALLISATION OF EUROPE

(Continued from page 322.)

in order that their legitimate rights should be defended against the audacious attacks of the Revolution. When Cavour was recalled to power and invaded Central Italy, which was in revolt against its former governments, all the Ministers Plenipotentiary accredited to the Court of Turin were charged by their Governments to protest against this violation of Right which the Dynasty of Savoy was committing against the weaker legitimate dynasties.

But of what use could these protestations be when events were rushing forward with such force?

The campaign of 1859, by enfeebling the Austrian Empire which supported it, had caused the condition of things established in Italy in 1815 to crumble away. Force would have been required to re-establish it. Alone or with the help of other defenders of the legitimate principle, the Empire of Austria would have had to declare war against Piedmont again, to invade Central and Southern Italy, and to bring back and reinstate by force the old dynasties against whom so strong an opposition had arisen—in one word, begin again the war which France and Austria had so precipitately interrupted for fear of ulterior complications. Was it possible to think of engaging in such an adventure? And if it was impossible to begin the war again on a grander scale, there was nothing left but to leave the country to extricate itself as best it could from the very confused situation into which the war of 1859, the armistice of Villafranca, and the timid peace of Zurich had plunged it. Thus it was that the League of Dynasties found itself suddenly, in 1860, powerless to defend legitimate rights, and that the crystallisation of the Holy Alliance was definitely and unexpectedly broken. When the Prussian Minister came to Cavour to protest against the annexation of Central Italy, Cavour replied, "One day you will thank us for having shown you the way."

That experience might be repeated in a different form. The League of Nations is not really so new a thing as its name seems to indicate. The European States have always felt the necessity, after every general war, of arranging matters mutually among themselves according to principles capable of assuring a certain stability and security. After the Thirty Years' War a system of rules was introduced, under the name of Public Law, which assured a certain amount of order in Europe until the French Revolution. After the wars of the Empire, the understanding between the great dynasties, from 1815 to 1914, complete till 1848, though only partial after that, was still capable of assuring forty-four years of peace to Europe after the war of 1870. To-day, after the World War, we have the League of Nations—that is to say, the *ensemble* of rules and principles elaborated by them, and which they impose on the associated States with the support of public opinion, and of all interests which have coalesced in favour of peace. In its particular form the new attempt will have neither more nor less vitality than its predecessors. The League of Nations will impose itself on all the States, and will render the greatest service, so long as Europe needs peace and has reason to fear a general conflagration. But it is not yet the institution destined to bring about the reign of God on earth or eternal fraternity between the States. Like the Holy Alliance, it may become feeble and gradually powerless, especially if the danger of general wars were to diminish and if local wars once more became necessary to solve questions otherwise insoluble.

The events of 1859-60 show us how the fundamental rights of life can impose themselves in our continent on

crystallisations that have become useless. The Holy Alliance was also instituted to maintain in *eternum* the *status quo* of 1815; and yet in 1860, despite its crushing force, it had to recognise the *faits accomplis*. Why? Because the *faits accomplis* represented a solution of the Italian problem which had been obtained without a general war; and because, in order to set aside that solution, it would have become necessary to provoke an enormous conflagration. This reversed situation was the unforeseen result of half a century of history; as soon as Europe realised this, the Powers of the Holy Alliance bowed themselves before it, having understood that the integral application of their principles would have produced evils much more grave than their partial violation. The same thing would happen if one day the League of Nations wished to crystallise Europe by preventing its evolution in directions towards which profound vital necessities were urging it. An institution like that at Geneva can only act to the extent to which a fixed order among certain groups of powers represents at the same time a vital necessity and a practical possibility. That is why it may be hoped that the League of Nations will for several generations have a brilliant rôle to play and good work to do, especially in Europe.

In Europe, in that over-populated continent where States can only survive thanks to a close economic and intellectual collaboration, long periods of peace are a condition of their common existence. I am not sure that the same thing can be said of many Asiatic States. A part of Asia is in a condition of ferment and profound transformation, which seems to make all crystallisation of a settled order impossible in the near future. Also, it does not seem possible that the League of Nations will be able to do much to solve problems like those which are propounded by the Chinese revolution, or by the definite organisation of the ancient territories of the Turkish Empire.

In America, on the contrary, an institution like the League of Nations seems less necessary than in Europe, if it is not, indeed, superfluous. The States are so big, they have still so little contact with each other, they are so little armed, that the dangers of war are very small, if not non-existent. Peace and international order are almost a geographical necessity. Certain American States are more exposed to the danger of convulsions, like those which have agitated Mexico for the last fifteen years; but that sort of war is outside the province of the League of Nations.

Europe to-day reminds one a little of the time when the Holy Alliance, despite the dumb opposition which she everywhere encountered, succeeded in imposing peace, because Europe needed it and asked for it. In the same way the League of Nations, if it acts with energy and intelligence, will succeed in securing peace, despite secret or avowed opposition, each time it is occupied with European problems. It seems equally certain, on the other hand, that it will have little to do in America, unless unexpected events should supervene and change the balance of power even in the New World. But it will be unable to do much or have any success in Asia, where many great States are in a ferment of revolution, which makes all crystallisation of order and peace impossible.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

IT is always with a slightly melancholy feeling that one regards the beginning of the "Promenades" at the Queen's Hall in the middle of August; for it marks the passage of summer. Sir Henry Wood, as he mounted the rostrum on Saturday, Aug. 14, with a flower in his buttonhole, at the precise hour of eight o'clock, might well have been the personification of autumn coming with his band to awaken the spirits of music to hearten us for the long winter evenings.

This season there are to be no conspicuous changes. The general scheme of the Promenade programmes remains unaltered. There are the customary Monday evenings of Wagner and Friday evenings of Beethoven. Mozart and Haydn will give a predominantly classical colouring to Tuesday's programmes. On Wednesdays there will be an occasional symphony provided by composers such as Brahms and Tchaikovsky. On Thursdays and Saturdays the programmes are of a more miscellaneous and popular character, although, as Mr. Newman—Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s manager—points out, these "popular" programmes are very different in character from the "popular" programmes of twenty or even ten years ago. We have, for example, only to consider the programme of the opening Saturday night to realise that the word "popular" has lost its disparaging significance in this application, for included in this programme were Bach's Toccata in F, Manuel de Falla's Three Spanish Dances from "The Three-Cornered Hat," Vaughan Williams's ballet music, "Old King Cole," and Honegger's "Pacific No. 231." A "popular" programme which contains three important compositions by living composers is something of an innovation in musical history.

During the season a number of new instrumental works by English and foreign musicians will be given their first London performance. This is one of the most valuable features of the "Promenades." An orchestral composer, like an operatic composer or a dramatic author, must be able to have his works publicly performed if he is going to make any progress in his art. There are all sorts of things which he has to learn which can only be learned in this way. Effects which look quite good on paper often do not come off at all when performed. But orchestral performance is extremely expensive, and apart from such an admirable institution as the Ernest Palmer fund at the Royal College of Music, which provides for the public

execution of a certain number of original musical compositions annually, the "Promenades" are the only existing organisation which is able to bear the burden of introducing every year new musical compositions in moderately large numbers to the public.

The same applies to the executants, vocal and instrumental. The "Promenades" give employment annually to hundreds of musicians, and afford the opportunity to dozens of soloists every year of appearing before the London public for the first time. The high musical reputation of the "Promenades" also enables the management to secure the services of good artists of established reputation, and this year will see the reappearance of many popular favourites, such as Miss Myra Hess, Miss Jelly d'Aranyi, Mr. Moiseivitch, Mr. Nicholas Orloff, Miss Adila Fachiri, Mr. Arthur de Greef, and many others equally well known. I have written down the above names from memory, and I am struck by the fact that there is not one English name among them. This is somewhat distressing.

In spite of the rapid spread of musical education in this country during the last twenty-five years, it has to be admitted that our musical development has been by way of expansion rather than of any deepening or strengthening of our musical culture. Our two chief schools of music—the Royal College and the Royal Academy of Music—in spite of the undoubted progress made under their present heads, have a deplorably low standard. The fault is not altogether that of their principals or their staff. It is not so much a question of musical talent; it is a question of character. It does not require any extraordinary genius to make a first-rate instrumentalist. It only requires the same sort of stuff of which a first-rate craftsman is made. But, of course, we all know how exceedingly rare it is to-day to find a first-rate craftsman. Mr. Bernard Shaw exaggerated when he wrote to the poet Flecker that genius was common, but what was rare was industry and grit; if he had substituted "talent" for "genius" he would have been nearer the truth. Talent, of sorts, is exceedingly common; but the determination to drive one's talent to its extremest power, to put the finest possible edge upon it—that is exceedingly rare indeed.

At the Royal College and at the Royal Academy of Music the serious student is swamped out by the sheer watery mass of frivolous incompetence. Half the students—no, three-quarters of the students—are merely young women whose parents have money enough to

allow their daughters to trifle away two or three years picking up a certain elementary musical accomplishment. These young women do not really care about music. They have merely come to pick up a smattering of music which will put them to no trouble to acquire, but which will give them an advantage and a prestige among those more ignorant than themselves.

While our two chief educational institutions in music remain dependent, as they are now, mainly upon the fees of students, they can never do the work they were intended to do. They have to take as many students as possible in order to get as large an income as possible. Imagine what would happen if the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were financially dependent upon the fees of undergraduates! It would be good-bye for ever to any real learning and culture then. The standard would drop very quickly to the lowest common denominator, and they would soon be reduced to the level of the average American University, whose degrees are scattered broadcast and are not worth the paper they are written on. The first essential to the establishment and maintenance of a high standard in any educational institution is financial independence. Immediately it is dependent for its existence upon the fees of its students its efficiency is doomed.

If Sir Hugh Allen, the Principal of the Royal College of Music, were able to reject all students who did not reach a certain degree of efficiency in some sphere or other, and were free to establish that degree so high as to exclude immediately three-quarters of the present students at the Royal College, what a great service to musical education in this country he would be performing! The atmosphere of easy-going, slap-dash inefficiency and indifference would be changed to one of intense passion and liveliness. In every district of England, in every minor musical educational institution, it would fire the spark of ambition among a few students. There would be a great goal before them, the goal of acceptance as a student by the Royal College of Music. There would be at last a centre of musical culture which would irradiate the whole of Great Britain and the Dominions. At present there are no standards anywhere, and whenever foreign artists, either as individuals or in company, as in our Covent Garden opera seasons, come to London, we are at once made aware of the immense gulf between us and the rest of Europe in musical education.

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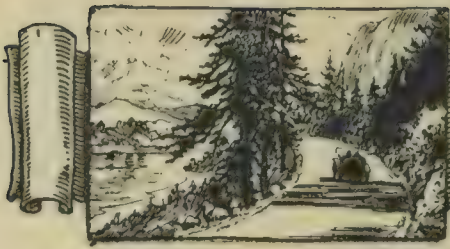
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

A NEW STANDARD MODEL.

THE Standard Motor Company have recently produced an entirely new model which they call the 12-14-h.p. I took the saloon model over one of my trial runs a short time ago, and found a good deal to interest me. Although the four-cylinder engine, which has a bore and stroke of 75 by 110, is of the same capacity as that of the well-established "Fourteen," the two cars have not much else in common. A three-speed gear-box has taken the place of the four-speed in the "Fourteen," and in minor details the car is differently built. I am not sure as to whether the Standard Motor Company consider this to be a kind of rather cheaper edition of the "Fourteen," or whether their aim was to produce a different character of car. My own impression is that they have succeeded in doing the latter.

The engine is well designed, and everything about it can be got at comparatively easily. The same type of overhead valves, operated by push-rod rockers, are used as on the "Fourteen"; but where a considerable difference between the two engines exists is that, in

this type again, as, if it is used with due caution and common-sense, it is generally more efficient than a single pair on the hub-drums, and is very much easier to keep in proper adjustment.

in these crowded days. The second gear is apt to hum rather loudly at high speeds.

The bodywork is good, there being considerably more elbow-room than there usually is in saloons of this size. It is upholstered in cord material at the price of £335, but for £345 you may have it trimmed in leather, which I should say would be well worth while. The upholstery in the generous back seat is really comfortable, and there is plenty of leg-room; but the two front seats, which are independently adjustable, with hinged backs, have not got enough stuffing in the upholstery. The car is of the six-window



A CAR OF QUALITY: THE NEW 25-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM SALOON.

Remembering that this car was fitted with a decent-sized saloon body, I thought its performance on the road was really good. It picks up well on top, and accelerates on all gears in quite a satisfying manner, especially when you consider that the top-gear ratio is 4.6 to 1, second only 8 to 1, and the bottom 18.4 to 1. I don't know what the performance of the car is with an open body, but I think that the saloon might be improved by having a lower second speed. I took it up a hill which has a maximum gradient of one in six, and the pull brought the car down to its bottom speed and a minimum of about ten miles an hour. Nobody ought to have any objection to using all the gears in the box, although many people have this incomprehensible disability, but I think this car would be improved, as I have said, by getting slightly better climbing powers on the second gear.

The engine runs very smoothly and without perceptible crank-shaft vibration. Its outstanding charac-

type, and four of them are made to open. The interior is light and unusually airy, and when I had tried all the open positions of the windows, I came to the conclusion that there were fewer draughts than there usually are in small saloons.

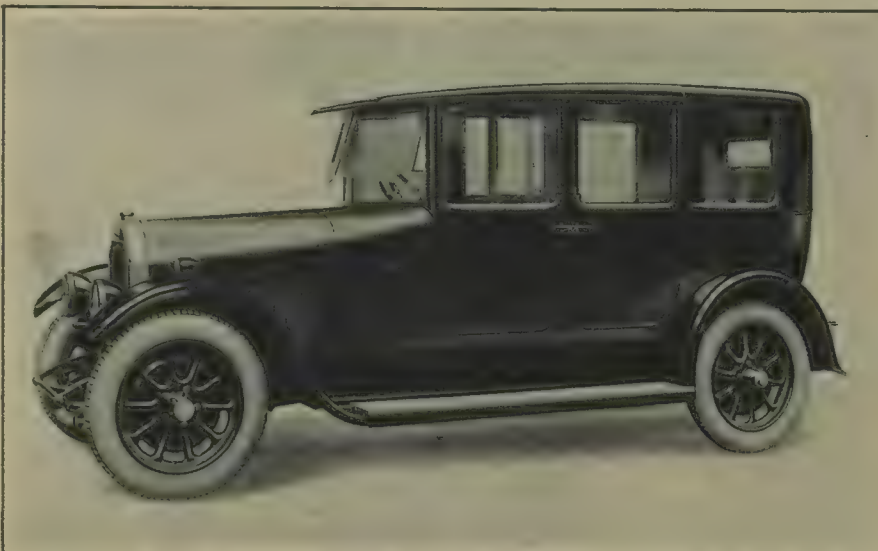


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the "Twelve," the cylinder-block is cast in one piece with the top half of the crank-case. This probably saves a good deal of money in production; but it means, of course, that taking up big ends and similar work can only be done with the help of a pit. The engine runs quietly enough, although I have known others of the same power make less noise. What noise there is, however, is simply due to the type of overhead-valve control, and is not in any case in the least disagreeable. The three-speed gear-box is controlled from the right-hand side. The set of four-wheel brakes, which are brought into operation by the pedal, are well designed, and on the car I took out proved to be efficient without being remarkable. Their action is smooth, and if I, personally, would have preferred them to be rather more powerful, they probably pull up the car quite quickly enough for most people. The hand-applied brake is of the old-fashioned exterior band type, working on a drum behind the gear-box. I was rather glad to come across



A NEW MODEL: THE 20-55-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER HUMBER SALOON LANDAULETTE.

teristic is a distinct liveliness. With two up in this saloon body, something like forty-five miles an hour was attained without any great effort; and forty-five miles an hour is quite fast enough for any saloon car

To my thinking, the main attraction about this new Standard is its quite remarkable liveliness and flexibility—qualities which you do not too often find allied in such cars—with a really smooth engine-action at speeds in excess of some thirty-five miles an hour.

It is a car which you should be able to drive in comfort and with not much effort for long spells, and is therefore entitled to be regarded as decidedly apt for touring. The springing is well carried out, and I should be inclined to place it high on the list of really satisfactory systems on medium-powered cars. It is not absolutely of the highest class, but it is decidedly effective and contributes a good deal to the general road-worthiness of the car as a whole.

The finish of the bodywork is, naturally, not luxurious, but it is tidy and workmanlike, the dashboard fittings in particular being well arranged. Gear-changing is easy and simple, and there is no necessity for anyone but the very mutton-fisted to make any gear-scraping noises.

The car holds the road well on corners; and, although there is a little room for improvement in the steering, it is pleasantly steady, requires small effort to keep the car on her course, and, even with low-pressure tyres of 730 by 130 dimensions, does not drag at your hands on curves. There is no tendency at all towards that very disagreeable and disturbing trick of rolling which a number of balloon-tyred cars unfortunately have to-day. Altogether, the new Standard is a pleasant car to drive and be driven in, and I think, at the price, it should prove to be good value.

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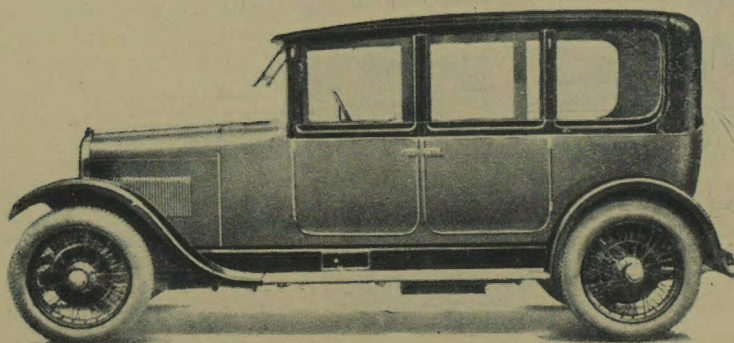
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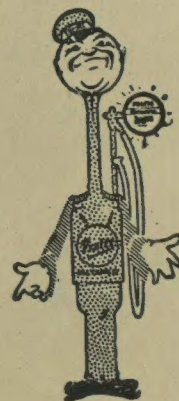


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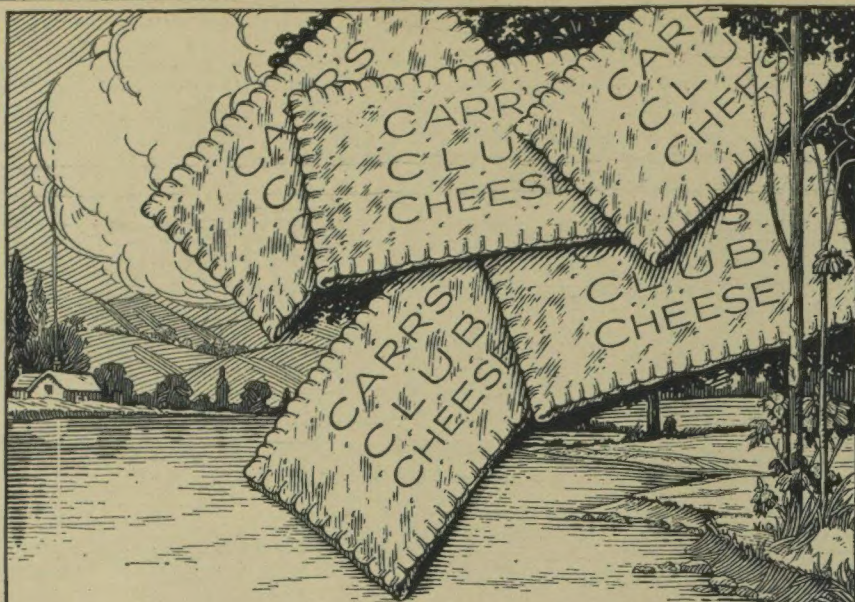
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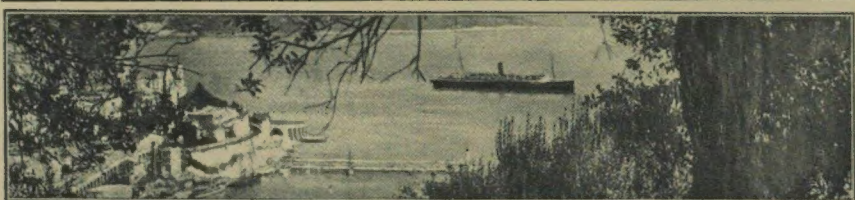
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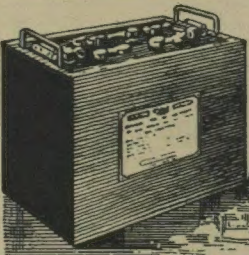
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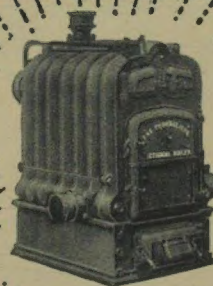
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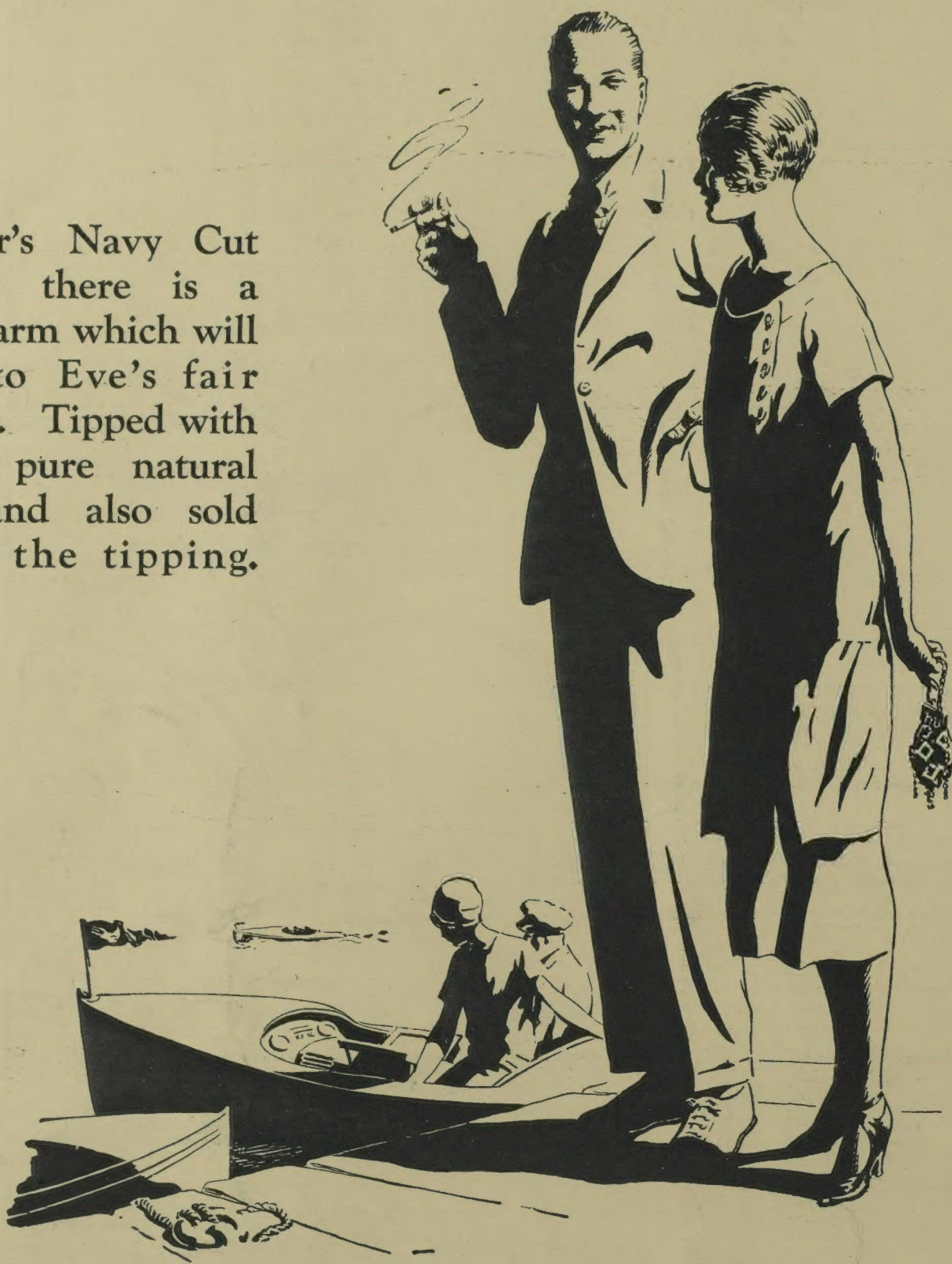
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